

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,066

MAY 3, 1890

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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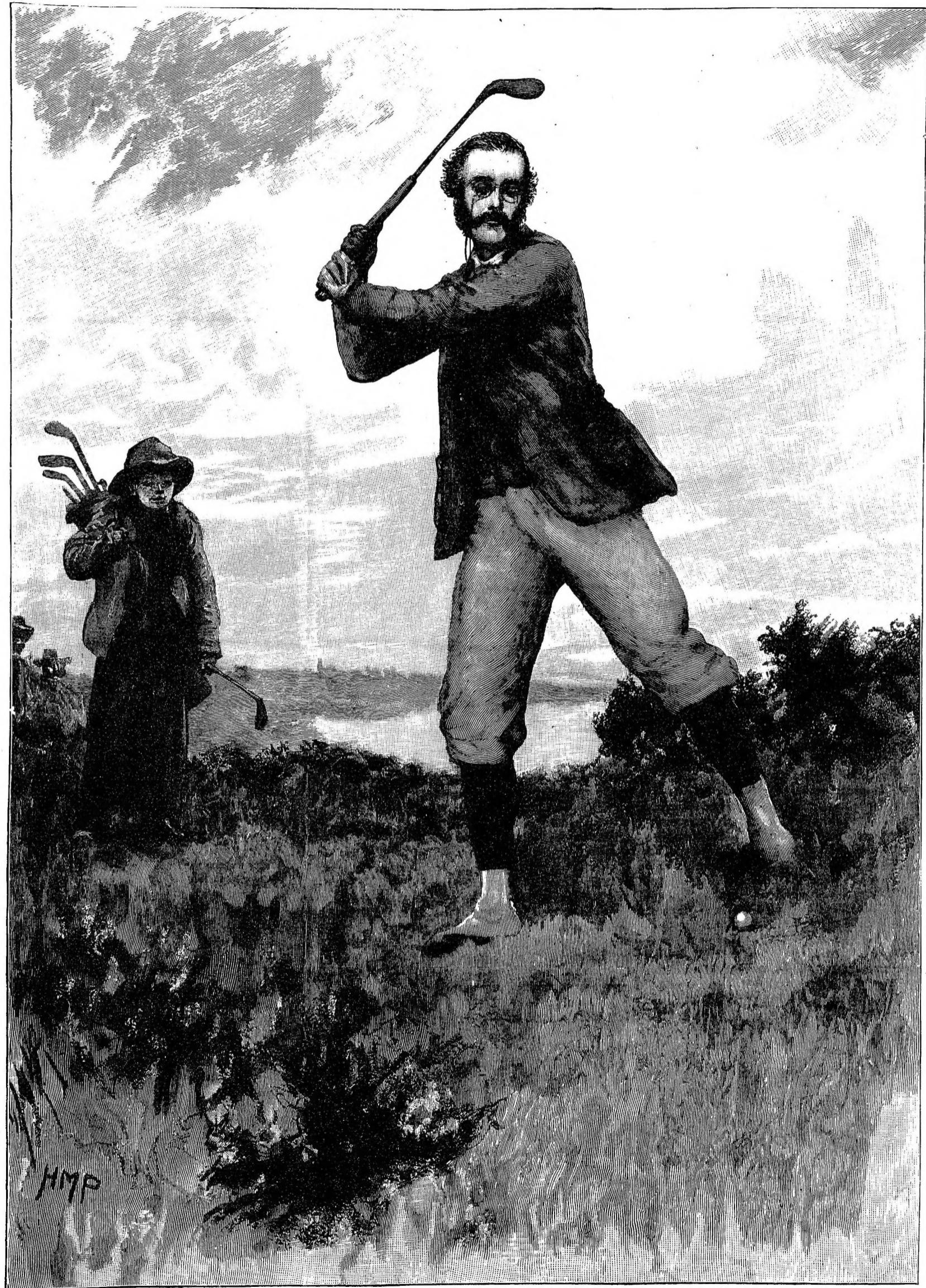
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,066.—VOL. XLI. [ÉDITION
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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

[PRICE NINEPENCE
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A CABINET MINISTER'S HOLIDAY
MR. BALFOUR PLAYING GOLF AT HAYLING ISLAND



THE FIRST OF MAY.—As these lines will not appear in print until after the anxiously-expected day is past and gone, it would be foolish on our part to hazard any forecast. But whether tranquillity has prevailed, or disorders have occurred in the Continental cities chiefly affected, the spirit of unrest and discontent will assuredly not be exorcised because one particular day has vanished from the calendar. It may be worth while, therefore, to say a few words about the origin of this spirit. The rapid succession of material discoveries which have signalled the last hundred years has sharpened men's wits without improving their morals; it has made them more luxurious and pleasure-loving. Gradually the wage-earning classes have come to the conclusion that more of this luxury and pleasure, the materials for which are chiefly created by their exertions, should fall to their share than is the case at present. This practically means shorter hours of labour, with better pay, and men become Socialists because they believe that that system offers a short and direct road to the attainment of their desires. But these vague discontents received a wonderful stimulus from the successful issue of the dockers' strike last autumn. The strike mania spread over this country, and, when it had begun to subside here, broke out with still greater intensity on the Continent. Then the young German Emperor added to the excitement by boldly avowing his sympathy with the working classes, and by summoning a Labour Conference. Englishmen could not help a thrill of self-gratulation on reading the list of the proposed reforms placed before that body, for the more important of them, such as the regulation of female and juvenile labour, and the prohibition of Sunday labour, have long been effected in this country. For this reason we can look with comparative equanimity on our own promised Demonstration of the Fourth of May, because every sensible working man knows that if there is in existence a genuine grievance remediable by legislation, the remedy will be promptly applied. The real danger at present lies in quite a different direction. Unlimited liberty of combination, together with the sheep-like subservience of working men to a few plausible leaders, often produces a tyranny as remorseless as that of any mediæval tyrant.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECH.—Notwithstanding the virulence with which Mr. Chamberlain is assailed by the Radicals, everybody acknowledges that he is one of the ablest debaters in the House of Commons. This was never more decisively proved than by his fine speech on the Irish Land Purchase Bill on Monday evening last. He displayed a thorough mastery of the subject; and next morning it was generally felt that the discussion, through his contribution to it, had entered upon a wholly new stage. Mr. Chamberlain often speaks with excessive bitterness, but on this occasion, when he was dealing with a matter about which he had thought deeply, his tone was moderate and conciliatory. He even went so far as to express a hope that the House would cease to regard the question as one of party politics, and that Unionists and Home Rulers would combine to seek for some solution that might be equally acceptable to both. A great many people agree with him in wishing that this were possible, for it is almost certain that if the various parties desired only to do what was best for Ireland they would sooner or later find some way out of the present difficulty. Mr. Gladstone's followers, however, having convinced themselves that the country is with them, will probably accept no sort of compromise until the constituencies have decided between them and their opponents. In the meantime, what ought to be done with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal as to the future County Councils of Ireland? That there are some objections to his scheme he himself admits; but, upon the whole, the balance of advantage seems to be in favour of his idea. If, as he suggests, these bodies derived benefit from the proper working of the Land Act, they would have the strongest possible motive for trying to make it succeed; and the entire community would profit by their serving as a "buffer" between the peasantry and the Imperial Government.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—Even those most bitterly opposed to the presence of our troops in Egypt must recognise that good has come out of what they consider evil. Sir Evelyn Baring's report shows that the land which only some four years ago was practically bankrupt has reached a condition of financial equilibrium. The Khédive can now look his foreign creditors in the face without the least fear of being sold up, and the sins of his extravagant father are at last remedied. A halcyon state of things, truly, and all the more gratifying from being accompanied by great administrative improvements, by the abolition of forced labour, and by a general lightening of the incidence of taxation. The fellahs have not been so well off for many years, in spite of unpropitious seasons and starvation prices for their produce. But Sir Evelyn Baring, while very hopeful of even better things to come, gives solemn warning that, were British protection and guidance withdrawn, Egyptian prosperity would collapse like a house of cards. Our Gallic neighbours will probably believe that this is merely an

excuse for continuing our occupation. Even if it be so, what then? The cardinal questions are whether Egypt has gained strength under our care, and whether she is now strong enough to stand alone. To the former there can only be one answer—we have unquestionably placed "the sick man" of Northern Africa on his legs again. As for the second query, it surely rests with the country which, at no mean cost, has discharged this Samaritan labour, to decide whether its abrupt termination might not precipitate a relapse.

PIANOS IN BOARD SCHOOLS.—The School Board rate is high, and seems likely to get higher. Therefore it is not unnatural that some ratepayers should grumble at what they deem a needless luxury. But, after all, the cost of all these pianos (even if we allow for the harmless, necessary tuner as well) will be but a small item in the general expenditure, and the innovation may prove to be both important and beneficial. Time out of mind, a superstition (somewhat softened, we admit, of late years) has prevailed among educationalists that school-teaching, to be effectual, ought to be distasteful. Just the same idea used to prevail about medicine, and uneducated people still have little faith in a dose of physic unless it compels them to make a wry face as theygulp it down. May not the presence of a piano in a Board School help to lighten the spirits of the dunces who now feel that the hours of lessons are hours of dreary drudgery? Moreover, having got a piano, who knows but that dancing may follow? Now dancing, when taught to young children, is a most exhilarating exercise—far wholesomer and safer than gymnastics; and, moreover, in the words of the dear old Eton Grammar, *Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*. That is to say, it takes away the awkwardness and *gaucherie* which are wont to distinguish the British male of the humbler classes, teaches him to move his body and limbs easily and gracefully, and softens his manners by accustoming him to the companionship of the gentler sex. Girls of the working ranks are passionately fond of dancing, and they often have to dance with one another because they cannot get efficient male partners. Let us, therefore, not grudge spending some of our money in teaching the young Briton how to dance; and, in the long run, we shall save money by the instruction thus imparted, since a taste for dancing acts as a powerful antidote against excess in drinking.

PARIS AND GENERAL BOULANGER.—The Paris Municipal Elections must have convinced even General Boulanger that his cause is lost. Defeated in the country, he continued to hope that in the capital his party, if not stronger than all other parties together, was at least stronger than any one of them. Now he knows better. The Parisians, convinced that he has no longer a chance of ousting the Republicans, have decided that it is most satisfactory to be on the winning side; and so he has been deserted by the vast majority of those by whom he was formerly supported. No one who really cares for the welfare of France can regret that he has ceased to be a power in her political life. The Republican system has not worked smoothly, and its representatives still lay themselves open in many ways to hostile criticism; but the evils of the existing methods of Government are slight in comparison with those which would necessarily have sprung from a Dictatorship. This is not the only aspect of the matter on which Frenchmen are to be congratulated. Not very long ago it could hardly be said that France as a whole had definite opinions about politics. Every important question was settled by Paris. What the people of that city thought, the people of the provinces thought also. There is good evidence that this despotism has at last been broken. Paris was undoubtedly fascinated by the strong General; and had the fulfilment of his ambition depended upon her, he would now have been in power. The provinces estimated his claims more wisely, and the result is that the Parisians have been compelled to withdraw from a movement to which they had too hastily given their sanction. It is chiefly to the peasantry that France owes her deliverance, and it is to be hoped that, having learned how very capable they are of looking after their own interests, they will not readily allow the capital to recover its ancient supremacy.

THE SILVER BOOM.—Great, no doubt, is the delight of the Inflationist party in the United States. The mere prospect of the Silver Bill becoming law has produced an electric effect on American securities in both hemispheres. Silver, too, has advanced largely, if not by leaps and bounds while the holders of India rupee paper are dreaming pleasant visions of substantially-increased incomes. And so all round the situation—multitudes have gained, no one seems to have lost; what further proof can be needed of Inflationist wisdom? For the moment, it certainly looks as if this Yankee adaptation of bi-metallism were a move in the right direction. It is the hereafter that presents such dire perplexities. The American Treasury is to buy four and a half million ounces of silver every month, giving in exchange State notes, which will be legal tender for Customs and other public dues. In other words, there will be a new paper currency based on enormous and ever-growing accumulations of silver. But to allay misgivings, it is further enacted that note-holders may at any time demand payment in specie,

and the Treasury can only make it in silver by giving so much of that metal as equals the face value of the notes presented for payment, at the then current price of silver. A more dangerous system of currency was never devised; it will produce temporary ease of a purely artificial kind, at the cost of future embarrassment. Were the Treasury to have to face a run for the payment of notes, every hour would witness a fresh fall in the market value of silver, and consequently, more and more of that metal would have to be given to the note-holders.

"THE LONDON THIRTEEN CLUB."—We do not know how long this institution has been in existence, but we presume rather recently, as we observe that its first annual dinner is to take place at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on May 13th. Our readers have probably already guessed at the *raison d'être* of the Club. "It is to discourage, as much as possible, belief in the ridiculous superstitions and omens which prevail so extensively in all ranks of society." The Thirteen superstition (which is, as every one knows, derived from the presence of the traitor-disciple Judas at Our Lord's last supper) seems especially obnoxious to the Society, for they meet on the thirteenth of each month; they are split up into coteries of thirteen, each presided over by a chairman; and they pay an annual subscription of thirteen sixpences if the membership begins before the coming May 13th, or thirteen shillings after that date. We wish all success to the Club, but we would at the same time remind them that human nature is very weak and inconsistent, so that we can imagine a man performing all these daring anti-superstitious observances at the club while supported by the comradeship of his fellows, yet shrinking in his private capacity from any deliberate breach of the popular belief concerning such matters. It will, for example, be a test of some individual member's sincerity if he will order his wedding for June 13th, which happens also to be a Friday.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.—The other evening the Duke of Cambridge presided over a meeting at the People's Palace, held to consider the question of Imperial Federation. Nothing new or very important was said on the occasion; but the proceedings have naturally led a good many persons to ask whether the movement, about which so much has been heard, is really beginning to exercise a strong influence upon public opinion. So far as the Colonies are concerned, there is not the slightest reason for the belief that the idea has made any progress. That the Colonies are thoroughly loyal to the Crown no one doubts. They not only never express a wish for separation, but, on the contrary, seize every opportunity of manifesting their attachment to the Mother Country. That, however, is a very different thing from a desire for the comparatively close union which the upholders of Imperial Federation are seeking to bring about. On behalf of this object nothing has ever been said by really influential political parties in any one of the colonies; and some well-known colonists have told us pretty plainly that, in their opinion, Federationists are in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp. After all, what have the Colonies to gain by the proposed change? If we had a protective system, we might offer them important trading advantages; but Imperial Federation could not give them freer access to our ports and markets than they, in common with the rest of mankind, now enjoy. We should not fight for them more readily than we should fight for them at present; and it is just possible, as they are shrewd enough to recognise, that we might ask them to make sacrifices which, under existing circumstances, are not supposed to be necessary. We can hardly wonder, then, that Imperial Federation has few attractions for colonists, and that they generally regard it as simply a harmless fad. In England the scheme has been received with more favour, but it is significant that it wins approval only as a more or less vague ideal. Whether it is laying a powerful hold over the imagination of the people we shall know only when a definite plan has been submitted for their consideration.

THE CHIN-LUSHAI CAMPAIGN.—Another of England's little wars has come to a conclusion, not without considerable loss to her troops. So far as hard fighting went, the Chin-Lushai tribes showed a most agreeable aversion to seeking the lives of the invaders. It was the malarious climate that did the most harm; but, judging from what is reported by the Anglo-Indian papers, mismanagement and blundering contributed not a little to the list of casualties. Official denial has been given, we are aware, to the assertion that many of the European soldiers were physically unfit for campaigning in such a trying climate, owing to being in ill-health before the expedition started. Of course, this refutation must be accepted; but, all the same, the hospital returns of the regiments prior to embarkation might make interesting reading. Even assuming, however, that the European soldiers were entirely free from disease at this time, it certainly swooped down upon them with terrible force as soon as they had advanced a little way into the interior. The deadly climate? Perhaps; but, if the supplies of food were one-half as bad as correspondents with the force have asserted, that alone would fully account for the prevalence of disease. To read these descriptions reminds one of the horrifying accounts of ill-fated Arctic expeditions. Necessary medicines run short; no quinine obtainable in a

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fever-haunted country; tinned meats absolutely unfit for human consumption; and so on. And this, too, within quite easy distance of Calcutta, where there would be no difficulty in purchasing first-rate supplies for an entire army corps. It is possible, of course, that the pen of the sensational writer has been at work; he is not altogether unknown in India. In any case, searching inquiry should be made, if for nothing else than to assure John Bull that Crimean blundering is a thing of the past.

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BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, May 5. THE STILL ALARM.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. Monday, May 5, and Every Evening at Seven, THE FENIAN. Misses Oliphant, Marshall; Messrs. Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, &c. INCIDENTALS. Concluding with THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

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ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION WILL OPEN ON MONDAY, the 5th of May. Admission (from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M.) except on the first day, when it opens at 10 A.M.), rs. Catalogues, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. —CARNIVAL TIME, by Malcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain; and an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "TOMMY AT COLLEGE." Monday, Wednesday, Friday at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s. Stalls may be booked without fee by letter, telegram, or telephone (No. 3,840). ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, W.

PLEASURE CRUISES to THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. The Orient Company's Steamships "GARONNE" (3,876 tons), and "CHIMBORAZO" (4,847 tons), will make a series of trips to Norway during the season, visiting the finest Fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later.

June 4th for 15 days.
June 18th for 27 days.
July 2nd for 25 days.
July 15th for 15 days.
July 29th for 27 days.
Aug. 8th for 21 days.
The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; those of the 18th June and 23rd July will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "Garonne" and "Chimborazo" are fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
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VACHTING CRUISE to the LEVANT and CRIMEA.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "CUZCO," 3,918 tons register, 4,000 horse power, from London on July 1, for a six weeks' cruise, visiting Piraeus (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudane (for Brusa), Mount Athos, and calling en route at various places in the Mediterranean. The month of July is considered the pleasantest time for cruising in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The "CUZCO" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold bath, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
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On and after 1st May the following Trains will have a Pullman Car attached to them:—

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BOURNEMOUTH WEST	dep. 7.50 a.m.		9.15 a.m.	
East	" 8.00 "		9.25 "	
Brockenhurst	" 8.28 "		9.54 "	
Southampton West	" 8.45 "		10.14 "	
Vauxhall	arr. 10.25 "		12.90 noon.	
Waterloo	" 10.30 "		12.15 "	
FROM LONDON.				
WATERLOO	dep. 12.30 p.m.		2.30 p.m.	
Basingstoke	" 1.30 "		3.33 "	
Southampton West	arr. 2.8 "		—	
Brockenhurst	" 2.30 "		—	
Bournemouth East	" 3.0 "		5.10 "	
West	" 3.10 "		5.40 "	

For particulars as to fares see handbills.
Special Cheap Return Tickets, 28s. 6d. First, 21s. 6d. Second, and 1s. Third Class, are issued by all Trains on Fridays and Saturdays from Waterloo, Kensington, Chelsea, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Wimbledon, and Surbiton Stations to Bournemouth. The 1st and 2nd Class Tickets are available to return up to and including the Monday week following the day of issue, and the 3rd Class by any train on the Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday following the day of issue. All information can be obtained on application to the Office of the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo Station. CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

1890.

MUNICH.

ANNUAL FINE ART EXHIBITION

At the

ROYAL CRYSTAL PALACE

FROM JULY 1ST TO OCTOBER 15TH.

THE MUNICH ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION.



MR. BALFOUR PLAYING GOLF

ALTHOUGH such an ardent golfer, Mr. Balfour did not make his appearance on the Links at Hayling till the Gold Cup had been competed for, and carried off. To enjoy a peaceful freshener he came down after the mass of Golfers had left the island on Easter Tuesday.

There were still remaining a "foursome" or so of good players; Colonel Sandeman and the Earl of Winchilsea, Sir W. Houldsworth, &c., having matches among themselves.

Mr. Balfour and Lord Winchilsea arranged to try their skill on the Links, and were soon vanishing in the distant heather, each following his tiny ball as it whizzed away from the teeming ground, watched by the diminutive "caddies," who staggered under their burdens of clubs, irons, and niblicks. Lord Winchilsea's red-coat and hose, whitish trousers, and soft hat of the same, made him conspicuous on the shore for a long way, though Mr. Arthur Balfour's tall figure in an alpaca jacket, and grey knickerbockers, could be distinguished towering among his friends far into the distance.

The Chief Secretary nearly always prefers to play without his cap, though with doe-gloves on his hands. He wears spats, too, like most Golfers.

Mr. Balfour enters so eagerly into the game that an onlooker would scarcely suppose this lithe athlete, wielding his putter and his cleek so deftly, to be the hard worked politician and Secretary of State. There is a jaunty air about the way Mr. Balfour's handkerchief habitually flutters from his breastpocket, and a lightheartedness in his exposing his locks and his forehead to the breezes of heaven, notwithstanding their easterly tendency, which is refreshing to see. The golfers make a round of nearly five miles, over shingle and gorse, hazards of water, and high sand-hills.

It was at the latter point that Lord Winchilsea scored by making his grand drive, clearing the whole range of hillocks with one stroke. The Chief Secretary unfortunately landed down in one of the pits, where, after several more losing strokes, the ball got perched on an almost perpendicular hill-side over which it had to be driven, several strokes having to be played on very insecure footing in the sand. An hour or two later Lord Winchilsea came in the winner.

Each day Mr. Balfour went over the Links morning and afternoon, apparently much enjoying his invigorating native sport, the "Royal and antient game." Only when the shades of evening closed around did the Chief Secretary retire to his papers and resume the weight of his responsibilities, till the burden of them was carried off in the despatch-cases at post-time.

Then in the dark he heard again his favourite Highland music, "The Campbells are Coming," for an M.P. friend came and treated Mr. Balfour to a serenade under the balcony on his bagpipes, and did not disdain to pick up the coppers thrown to him by Mr. Balfour's Secretary.

MR. STANLEY'S ARRIVAL

THE initiative of the Expedition which led to the foundation of the Congo Free State was due to the far-sighted energy of the King of the Belgians, and therefore it was only natural that Mr. Stanley should be received with the highest honour and welcomed with the warmest enthusiasm while on Belgian soil. During his stay in Brussels, *jeûne* succeeded *jeûne*, and entertainment followed entertainment. One of the most splendid was the Fête in honour of the Explorer, given at the Bourse on the evening of the 22nd ult. More than three thousand persons, including the élite of Belgian society, were present. The building was magnificently decorated, trophies of elephants' tusks from the Congo being conspicuous. Mr. Stanley was received by M. Michelet, President of the Belgian Engineers' Society, who expressed the admiration universally felt for his exploits. Mr. Stanley replied in suitable terms, complimenting the King, who was present with the Queen and Prince Baudouin, on his zeal for colonization. "Homage to Stanley," an air specially composed for the occasion, was then played by the band of the Grenadiers; and an address from the Congo Railway Company was then presented to His Majesty, who in returning thanks, dwelt upon what had been done, and what remained to be done in Equatorial Africa. On Saturday, April 26th, the Admiralty Pier at Dover was crowded with people waiting for the steamer which was bringing Mr. Stanley from Ostend. Consequently, the Emin Relief Committee, and Mr. Stanley's personal friends, who had come down from London to welcome him, had to elbow their way through the throng as best they could. At last the boat ran alongside. For a few minutes nothing could be seen of Mr. Stanley, but before the vessel was fairly moored he came on deck. At the sight of his sun-brown visage and white hair, the crowd burst out into sympathetic cheering, and the famous explorer waved his hand in genial recognition. Then the pier was invaded by the Mayor and Corporation of Dover—an operation which caused a good deal more shoving and jostling—and the Town Clerk read an illuminated address, to which the traveller was compelled to make a very brief reply. Then, after shaking hands with such of his old friends as could manage to reach his side—for much confusion prevailed—Mr. Stanley was escorted by the police off the boat and through the crowd towards the train. Being short of stature, he was completely hidden from view by his body-guard of stalwart constables.

"WILL IT BE ACCEPTED?"

WHAT is the difference between an artist and a convicted murderer? Well, the one wants to be hung, and the other doesn't. Mr. Bernard Hall's drawing will remind many of his brethren of the brush of the anxieties which they have recently undergone. The young man here represented and his affectionate helpmate no doubt know every nook and cranny (if we may use the expression) of this picture, at which they are gazing with such loving eyes, but which, even if hung in the Academy, may be "skied" in such a cruel fashion that only a giraffe could criticise it comfortably. And there is a worse fate than this—to be accepted by the Hanging Committee, but to be refused hanging for alleged want of space. This is like the Scotch verdict of "Not Proven," or the English verdict of "Not Guilty, but don't do it again." As for the worst alternative of all—Rejection—we won't allude to it further. The subject is too painful.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL IN THEIR NEW CHAMBER

ON the afternoon of Tuesday, the 22nd ult., the Council of the Administrative County of London resumed their weekly meetings after the Easter recess, and met for the first time in the reconstructed Council Chamber in Spring Gardens, under the presidency of the Earl of Rosebery. His lordship gave a very interesting *resume* of the work hitherto done by the Council, but we wish here to direct our readers' attention, not so much to the speeches made on this historic occasion, as to the building in which the gathering took place. The original Chamber, erected in 1859, by Mr. Frederick Marable, for the Metropolitan Board of Works, accommodated forty-five members. A rearrangement of the seats gave fifteen additional places. But when, under the Local Government Act of 1888, the Board of Works was superseded by the County Council, the number of representatives of the people was more than doubled, and a reconstruction of the Council Chamber became necessary. The City Corporation very kindly lent the Guildhall to the County Council while the alterations were going on. They have now been completed, and are regarded as satisfactory, the enlarged Chamber (50 ft. by 53 ft.) being sufficient for all practical purposes. By pulling down a wall, and including the space formerly occupied by the Accountant's Department, much additional room has been gained, including a Strangers' Gallery, capable of holding 120 people. The Reporters' Gallery seats 24 persons, who are behind the chair, and facing the Council. The Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Deputy-Chairman sit on a raised platform, and in front of the chair is the table for the Clerk, Solicitor, and other officials. The Chamber is cut into sections by six gangways, to enable members to pass easily from one part of the house to another, and also to quicken the process of dividing. The building will be lit by electric lamps. For the benches which were formerly used, comfortable seats in American walnut, upholstered in maroon morocco, have been substituted, a seat being provided for each member. The seating arrangements were carried out by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East, S.W.—Our artist has been assisted in his drawing by a photograph taken by Bedford Lemere and Co., of 147, Strand, W.C.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 501.

"A LEARNED PUPIL"

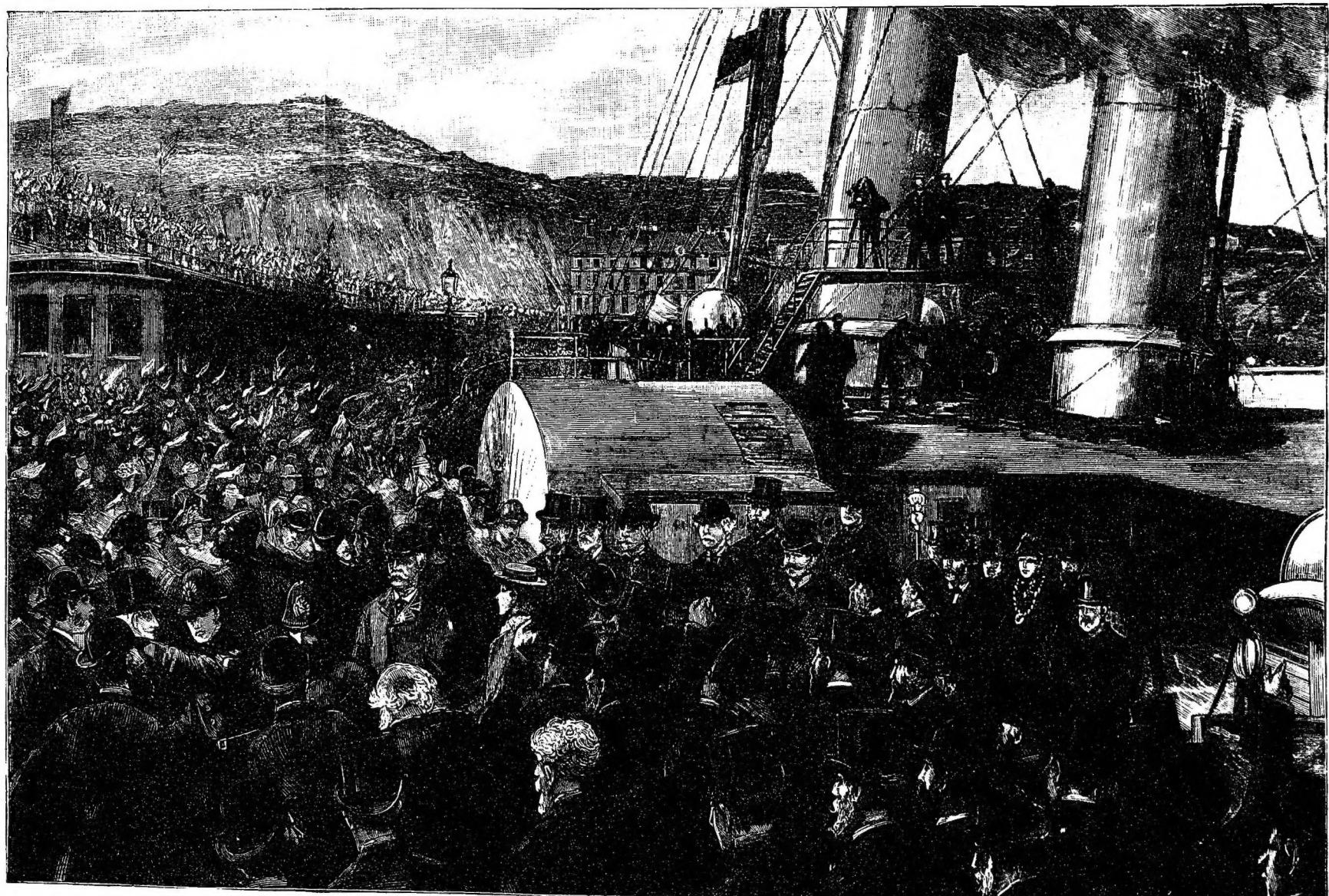
THIS is from a picture by Albert Raudnitz, of Munich, and fully maintains the high reputation of that famous artistic centre, for we have rarely seen expression more naturally and truthfully conveyed than it is in the faces of this lady and little girl. As for the cockatoo, the artist has precisely caught the pert, self-satisfied air which birds of that tribe exhibit when they have given vent to some fresh, and perhaps unexpected, imitation of the human voice. For

THE GRAPHIC

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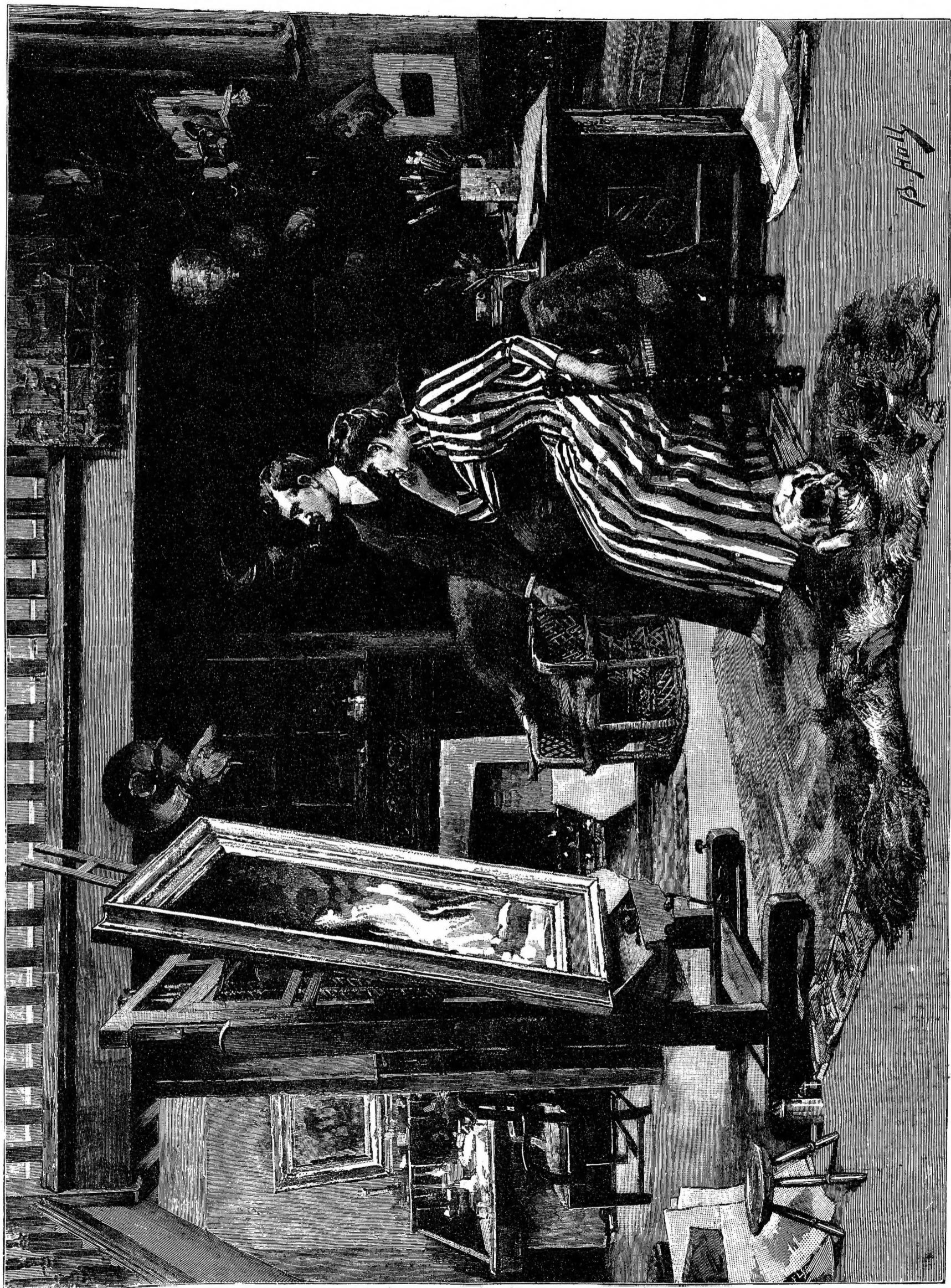


"HOMAGE TO STANLEY"—FÊTE GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE EXPLORER AT THE BOURSE, BRUSSELS



ONCE MORE ON ENGLISH SOIL—ARRIVAL OF STANLEY AT THE ADMIRALTY PIER, DOVER

THE RETURN OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.



THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY—WILL IT BE ACCEPTED? A REMINISCENCE OF SENDING-IN-DAY

DRAWN BY L. BERNARD HALL.

THE GRAPHIC

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cockatoos and parrots, like children, very often seem inattentive when they are really listening, and vice versa. Consequently they suddenly produce some new phrase, to the delight of the teacher, who had despaired of hammering it into the bird's apparently sluggish brain.—Our engraving is reproduced from M. Raudnitz's picture by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 43, New Bond Street, W.

"MAY DAY"

See page 499

"MY FIRST SEASON"

See page 511

HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES

See page 503

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Lord Halsbury, Mr. Justice Hawkins, Mr. Justice North, Sir Nathaniel Lindley, Mr. Justice Wills, Mr. Justice Denman, and Mr. Justice Cave by A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; Lord Penzance, Mr. Justice Stephen, Mr. Justice Kay, Mr. Justice Chitty, and Mr. Justice Kekewich by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110 and 108, Regent Street, W.; Sir Henry Collier and Sir Henry Lopes by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street; Sir James Hannan and Mr. Justice Stirling by Elliot and Fry, 55, Baker Street; Lord Coleridge by Roselli and Sons, 17, Baker Street; Lord Esher, Sir Charles Bowen, and Mr. Justice Mathew by G. Jerrard, 107, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Baron Pollock by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly; Mr. Justice Lawrence by H. J. Bliss, Grantham; Lord Macnaghten by Thomas Fall, 9 and 10, Baker Street, W.; Mr. Justice Williams, Mr. Justice Smith, Mr. Justice Charles, and Mr. Justice Day by H. J. Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham; Lord Watson by W. Crooke, 103, Princes Street, Edinburgh; Mr. Baron Huddleston, Mr. Justice Gantham, and Sir Edward Fly by un-named photographers.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

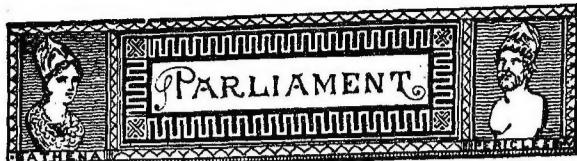
ALTHOUGH it will not be memorable for any work of supreme importance, the one hundred and twenty-second annual exhibition of the Royal Academy is quite up to the level of recent years. As usual, there are some elements of disappointment. The contributions of some of our most distinguished artists, though excellent in their various ways, are small, and not very important. On the other hand, two or three of them are seen to great advantage, and among the works of younger and less famous men there are several of remarkable excellence. A noteworthy feature of the exhibition is the large number of good landscapes by artists hitherto unknown in London. As far as a rapid survey enables us to judge, the display of sculpture is scarcely so good as that of last year.

The place of honour at the end of the third gallery has been accorded to a large picture by Mr. Frank Dicksee, "The Redemption of Tannhäuser." The repentant and awe-stricken youth, having met the funeral procession of Elizabeth, his first love, whom grief had slain, is represented kneeling by her bier, as the vision of Venus, under whose spell he had fallen, vanishes in a flood of golden light, and the Pope's staff bursts out into leaf in sign of Divine forgiveness. It is in illustrating romantic legend that Mr. Dicksee best succeeds; and this is certainly in advance of anything of the kind that he has produced. It is extremely well composed, appropriately sombre in tone, large in style, and impressive. The two other central places in the gallery are occupied by pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton. The "Tragic Poetess," a tall figure in classic drapery of delicate red and orange tints, seated with her arm resting on a golden lyre and an expression of concentrated thought and tragic intensity on her finely-formed face has many of the distinguishing qualities of his art. His knowledge of the human form and cultivated perception of beauty are, however, better shown in "The Bath of Psyche." There is dignity as well as grace in the action of the maiden who, standing on the brink of a marble bath, with arms upraised, is throwing off the soft filmy drapery that concealed her almost faultless figure. It is announced that this fine work has been bought by the Academy in accordance with the terms of the Chantrey bequest.

Mr. Orchardson's only picture, "Portraits," representing a tastefully furnished drawing-room, with a family party—four ladies and a gentleman—variously engaged, is an excellent work of its class. The figures are simple and unaffected, and in perfect keeping with their surroundings; the soft suffused light throughout the room is admirably rendered, and the delicate local tints in the costumes, the carpet, and the rich hangings are of fine quality and skilfully harmonised. Beside it hangs a capital little picture, "Rus in Urbe," by Mr. Briton Rivière, in which a rustic boy in smock-frock and leather gaiters is sitting on the doorstep of an office in a provincial town by early morning light, with his arm round the neck of a vivacious collie dog. The embarrassment of the boy is extremely well expressed, and the dog is altogether excellent. Sir John Gilbert's large picture of a mediæval warrior mounted on a white horse, entitled "Onwards," looks as if it were designed for tapestry. It is a very strong piece of work, full of vitality and movement, well balanced in light and shade, and glowing with rich colours.

In the First Gallery hangs a large picture by Sir John Millais, "The Moon is Up, and Yet it is Not Night," representing a forest glade by twilight, with the pale moon rising through an atmosphere of moist, vaporous mist. Every part of the picture bears evidence of the most careful study of Nature, and it has, what many of the painter's recent landscapes want—comprehensive harmony of effect. Besides several portraits that we may notice later, Mr. Hubert Herkomer sends a characteristic picture of English rural life, "Our Village." The agriculturists, refreshing themselves after their day's labour, and the gossiping maidens are true types of character, and naturally grouped, but the picture is on a considerably larger scale than the subject justifies. Of the very few pictures of historic incident in the collection, Mr. Andrew Gow's "After Waterloo; Sauve Qui Peut" is one of the best. The Emperor on his historic white horse, with an expression of profound despondency and dismay on his haggard face, is the central figure of the composition. The members of his staff, the Mounted Artillery, the baggage wagons, and the rabble of straggling foot soldiers stretching far away into the distance, are most skilfully depicted, and the scene as a whole conveys a strong impression of actuality. There are many interesting episodic incidents in the picture. In executive manner, as well as in subject, it resembles many of Meissonier's pictures, and does not very much suffer by comparison with any but the best of them.

THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, opened on Thursday by the Duke of Edinburgh, is situated at Merchiston, and altogether includes an area of nearly ninety acres. A canal runs along the grounds, and two railway stations are within the boundaries, besides trams, so that the Exhibition is easily accessible. The buildings include a grand Machinery Hall 100 ft. wide and 700 ft. long, the Concert Hall accommodates 3,000 people, and there are six Sculpture and Picture Galleries. The British Section occupies all the Courts on one side of the Concert Hall, while the opposite Courts are filled by France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, and Egypt. An Indian Court with natives at work, a Japanese village and a Venetian glass factory are among the foreign attractions, while the Sections devoted to the artisans' and to women's industries are very interesting. In general design, the building is modelled on the French Renaissance style, but the two towers at the entrance are Oriental. Symbolical groups of statuary represent Invention applied to Industry. The grounds are beautifully laid-out, and include a large space devoted to Highland sports.



IN the early hour of Saturday morning affairs in the House of Commons, proceeding in somewhat humdrum fashion, were diversified by a curious, probably an unprecedented, incident, which, owing to the late hour of its occurrence, has not received due notice in the papers. The House had got into Committee of Supply, but had made little progress. Just before one o'clock Mr. Smith moved the Closure, which was objected to from below the gangway opposite. Mr. Courtney thereupon ordered the House to be cleared for a division, and named tellers—Dr. Tanner and Mr. Sheehy. The House slowly cleared, leaving Dr. Tanner seated alone below the gangway. As he made no sign of moving, Mr. Courtney called upon him to withdraw. "I have no co-teller," he said. "I named Mr. Sheehy," replied the Chairman. "Yes," said the irresponsible Dr. Tanner, for once having Mr. Courtney on the hip, "but Mr. Sheehy is in Limerick." Somehow the usually wakeful Chairman of Committees had been caught napping, and the House was landed in a very peculiar position. The doors of either Lobby were locked. No member was getatable beyond the three left out to "tell," the Government Whips and Dr. Tanner. But the British Constitution requires that there shall be two tellers for each side, and Dr. Tanner stood alone. After a moment's pause, the Chairman gave orders to unlock the "No" Lobby, Mr. Waddy was abstracted, undertook to "tell," and, amid much laughter, growing as the story spread, the incident closed.

This was a prelude to a week which has seen an important step taken with the principal Government measure. On Monday the debate on the second reading of the Irish Land Purchase Bill was resumed by Mr. Dillon. It is true that on the previous Thursday night, when the debate stood adjourned, the same gentleman was speaking, having been on his legs considerably over an hour. But Mr. Dillon has come home from his Australian journey like a giant refreshed. He is much practised in speaking, and nothing less than another hour taken out of Monday's debate would serve him. This, of course, is not debate. It is an example of the tendency which threatens to introduce a new feature in politics, and may be known as the one-man-one-night-one-speech principle.

The House was full whilst Mr. Dillon spoke; not because it urgently desired to hear the prolongation of his interminable address, but because it was well known that Mr. Chamberlain was waiting for opportunity to follow. As Mr. Dillon went forward, wasting his own opportunity, reckless of the example of disastrous consequences that follow on Mr. Sexton's verbosity, the benches emptied. But when, at six o'clock, the news went round that Mr. Chamberlain was on his feet, members came hurrying back till every bench was filled. The Peers paid to their ancient adversary the compliment of flocking in to hear him, Earl Spencer among the number. The fare provided proved well worth the scramble undergone in securing it. Mr. Chamberlain spoke for an hour and a quarter, less than one half of the time appropriated by Mr. Dillon; but into that period he compressed one of the ablest speeches which stand to his credit in the House of Commons. Politics apart, regarded simply as an intellectual treat, it was a rare pleasure to follow Mr. Chamberlain. One little episode in his address illustrates its leading quality of lucidity. He taunted Mr. Gladstone with having admitted that he could not understand Mr. Parnell's description of his plan. "Do you understand it?" Mr. Gladstone testily asked, not liking to be badgered by his former lieutenant. "Well, yes," said Mr. Chamberlain, smilingly, "I think I do;" and forthwith, obviously without preparation, he deployed in a group of four short sentences an admirable summary of Mr. Parnell's scheme.

The delight which the Conservatives took in the debating qualities of this speech was a little marred by the general drift of its argument. Mr. Chamberlain had risen with the avowed intention of supporting the second reading of the Government Bill. He had defended it from some of the charges levelled against it, more especially in respect of its bearing on British credit. There was, he argued, no probability of repudiation of rent; and, supposing there were, the Bill placed in the hands of the Imperial Treasury sufficient resources to avoid the loss of a penny to the taxpayer. But that said, Mr. Chamberlain, amid a growing feeling of consternation on the Ministerial benches, and much hilarious cheering from the Opposition, proceeded to advocate at least the incorporation of the leading features of Mr. Parnell's Bill with the Government scheme. He even went further than Mr. Parnell, who contented himself with a protest against dealing with this question without the interposition of local authority, but had not specifically suggested its invocation. Mr. Chamberlain, however, admitting that it was a serious matter to hypothecate local resources without the consent of local authorities, suggested that the Government should give a definite pledge forthwith to deal with Local Government in Ireland, and that the County Councils to be created under the Act should undertake the duty of paying over to the British Exchequer the instalments of rent as they fell due. He also adopted Mr. Parnell's suggestion that the operation of the proposed Act should be limited to holdings not exceeding a rental of 50/-; at least that that scheme should, in a manner not explained, run concurrently with the Government plan.

This speech was listened to throughout with profoundest interest, and marked a distinct era in the progress of the debate. Sir William Harcourt, who followed, shrewdly asked whether the speech was made in favour of the second reading or against it? That was a question Mr. Chamberlain practically answered when, early this morning, the division took place and he went out to swell the Government majority. But, undoubtedly, his new departure gave pause to the host on either side, and will encourage resistance to the Bill on various critical points in Committee. Between this speech on Monday night and the resumption of the debate by Mr. Balfour on Thursday there happened the morning sitting on Tuesday, when the talk went forward. But it attracted little notice, and save for an eloquent speech by Mr. Plunket might as well have been otherwise appropriated.

Lord Randolph Churchill has sat silent through the debate, a keen listener to the principal speeches. He has taken no verbal part in the contest, content with fulminating in advance against the measure in the series of letters printed in the *Morning Post*. This taking of time by the forelock left him at leisure to grapple with a great social subject. Whilst the political parties were fighting hand to hand on the Irish Land Purchase Question, Lord Randolph, at Tuesday night's sitting, came forward with his Bill dealing with the Licensing Question. To this new crusade he was warmly welcomed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who beheld in him "a most promising member of the Band of Hope." Lord Randolph explained his measure in a luminous speech, listened to by a House remarkably crowded for an evening sitting. He does not cherish the expectation of seeing his Bill passed this Session, but hopes that after second reading it may reach a Select Committee, and so ripen for next year.

On Wednesday that hardy annual the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill once more passed its second reading, and at the morning sitting to-day, (Friday), the Irish Land Purchase Bill being safely read a second time, the Commons took up the Allotments Bill. As for the Lords, they are practically out of work, meeting daily for a few minutes, and ceremoniously adjourning.



THE FIRST EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY in the United States is again deferred. It had been fixed for this week, but at the last moment Kemmler's counsel managed to obtain a further respite on his old plea of "unnatural and unconstitutional punishment."

HYDROPHOBIA IN PARIS decreases steadily. Last year there were only 367 cases amongst animals against 863 during the previous twelvemonth. Six persons died from hydrophobia, three of whom had been treated by M. Pasteur, these being the only deaths out of 236 cases of persons bitten within the Department of the Seine who underwent treatment in the Institute.

THE RAILWAY TO JERUSALEM is now being constructed. The first sod of the line from Jaffa was cut with much ceremony in the presence of the Governor of Jerusalem and the chief inhabitants of both cities, and the works will be hurried on in hopes of getting the line ready for the winter tourist season. Jaffa Harbour is to be improved, as at present it is often inaccessible in bad weather.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL seems likely to be the next important engineering achievement on the Continent. As Italy disapproved of the former plans, which in her opinion gave France too great an advantage, an entirely fresh scheme is now proposed, comprising a tunnel some eighteen miles long, of which eight would be in Italian territory. In this case, however, the Italian Government must grant a subsidy of 600,000.

GOLD has been found in the famous Great Cañon of the Colorado River, and lovers of the picturesque will regret to hear of that grand solitude being invaded by a mining rush. But an exploring party have brought back news that the Cañon is filled with gold for a distance of 400 miles, the precious metal sticking out from the wall, and lying in lumps on the river-bed. So no wonder that eager prospectors are hurrying to Colorado from all parts of the United States.

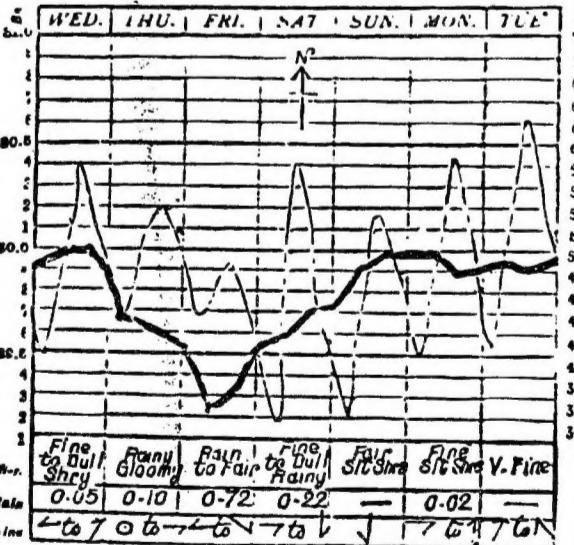
LOVERS OF DIPLOMATIC SECRETS will enjoy the first instalment of the great Talleyrand's memoirs—the correspondence with Madame de Staél, now being published in a French periodical. Talleyrand left the publication to a friend, M. Andral, who was afraid to undertake the risk, and, in his turn, bequeathed the charge at his death to the Duc de Broglie. The Duc is less scrupulous, and it is hoped that the whole of the memoirs will now follow this preliminary publication.

THE DUC D'ORLÉANS' FÊTE-DAY, the St. Philippe, fell on Thursday in this week, so the French Royalists united to offer him a present in recognition of his "maintenance of the family honour." The gift is a small reproduction of a group representing the Army of the Loire, which was shown at the recent Paris Exhibition. To the bronze replica, however, the artist has added the figure of France, arming her youthful defender, and the inscription *sac et spera*, as a special tribute to the prisoner of Clairvaux.

SCHOOLBOYS IN NEW SOUTH WALES are developing strong military tastes. The Minister of Public Instruction suggested recently that the chief colonial schools should form cadet corps, and the lads took up the idea with such enthusiasm that 5,000 cadets were enrolled within a few weeks. Since the Sydney contingent went to the Soudan, nearly five years ago, the Volunteer movement has gained increased popularity, and these cadet corps are looked upon as excellent training for the future defenders of the colony.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week. The deaths numbered 1,567, against 1,612 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 45, and 85 below the average, while the death-rate was 18.5 per 1,000. Milder weather has reduced the fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs, which went down to 345—a fall of 35, and 16 below the average—including 6 from influenza (a decrease of 3). There were 88 deaths from whooping-cough (a decline of 18), 61 from measles (a fall of 4), 20 from diphtheria (a rise of 3), 17 from scarlet fever (an increase of 4), 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an advance of 2), and 6 from enteric fever (a decrease of 2). Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths, including 5 suicides. There were 2,538 births registered (a decline of 197).

WEATHER CHART
FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1890

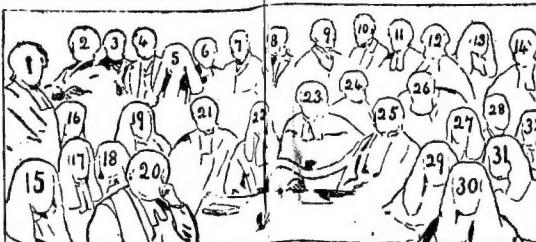


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (29th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.



HER MAJESTY'S

1. Mr. Justice Stirling (Chancery Division)
2. Sir Charles Bowen (Lord Justice of Appeal)
3. Sir Henry C. Lopes (Lord Justice of Appeal)
4. Sir Edward Fry (Lord Justice of Appeal)
5. Sir Henry Cotton (Lord Justice of Appeal)
6. Mr. Justice Williams (Queen's Bench Division)
7. The Right Hon. Lord Watson (House of Lords)
8. The Right Hon. Lord Macnaghten (House of Lords)
9. Mr. Justice Denman (Queen's Bench Division)
10. Mr. Baron Pollock (Queen's Bench Division)
11. Mr. Justice Smith (Queen's Bench Division)
12. Mr. Justice Day (Queen's Bench Division)
13. Mr. Justice Grantham (Queen's Bench Division)
14. Mr. Justice Charles (Queen's Bench Division)
15. The Right Hon. Lord Penzance (Court of Arches)
16. Mr. Justice Chitty (Chancery Division)



JUDGES, 1890

17. Mr. Justice Kay (Chancery Division)
18. Mr. Justice North (Chancery Division)
19. Sir Nathaniel Lindley (Lord Justice of Appeal)
20. Mr. Justice Kekevitch (Chancery Division)
21. The Right Hon. Lord Ether (Master of the Rolls)
22. The Right Hon. Lord Halsbury (Lord High Chancellor)
23. The Right Hon. Lord Coleridge (Lord Chief Justice)
24. Mr. Justice Wills (Queen's Bench Division)
25. Mr. Justice Mathew (Queen's Bench Division)
26. Mr. Justice Butt (Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division)
27. Mr. Justice Stephen (Queen's Bench Division)
28. Mr. Justice Lawrence (Queen's Bench Division)
29. Mr. Justice Hawkins (Queen's Bench Division)
30. Sir James Hawkins (Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division)
31. Mr. Baron Huddleston (Queen's Bench Division)
32. Mr. Justice Cave (Queen's Bench Division)

THE FIRST OF MAY, CHIMNEY-SWEEPS' DAY.

THE revels of "My Lord and My Lady" dancing round "Jack-in-the-Green" carry the mind back to a remote past.

From the Roman "Feast of Flora," through the Middle Ages, under Tudor and Stuart Sovereigns, down to the commencement of the present century, the people have "rejoiced with the promise of spring," and by various popular pageants have given outward expression to the inspiration of the season; the last relics of these Arcadian jubilations still linger on the scene, with diminished glory and interest, in the "Chimney-Sweeps' Day," wherein traces of the earlier institutions survive.

We know that bluff King Hal, his wife Queen Katharine, and his courtiers, "on pleasure bent," rode "a-Maying" from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, where an effective "Robin Hood pageant" delighted their hearts. Departed are the Maypoles from the Strand, the City, and elsewhere; and the "Milkmaid's Garland" is a thing of tradition:—

Themselves in comely colours drest,
Their shining garland in the middle,
A pipe and tabor on before,
Or else the foot-inspiring fiddle.

Greenery, gay ribbons, and rustic dancing have, "time immemorial," been associated with May Day; and "Jack-o'-the-Green" is a link with more ambitious Mayings. "Jack-o'-the-Green" of the eighteenth century wore flowers in his beaver, and carried one of the footmen's long canes wreathed with flowers. "He whisked it about in the dance," we are told, "and afterwards walked with it, in high estate, like a Lord Mayor's footman."

sympathy with their untoward fate inspired William Blake, James Montgomery, and Charles Lamb to write pathetically in the cause of climbing boys, and what more delightful than Lamb's Essay on his practical efforts to cheer their lot, the memorable "Elia and Jem White's Feast to the Sweenies?"

The old-fashioned aspects of "Chimney-Sweepers on May Day" are well conveyed in an essay in William Hone's "Every-Day Book," 1826, and the description directly applies to Mr. Charles Green's realistic picture of the scene:—

"Here they are! The sweeps are come! Here is the garland, and the lord and lady! Poor fellows! this is their great festival. Their garland is a large cone of holly and ivy, framed upon hoops, which gradually diminishes in size to an apex, whereon is sometimes a floral crown, knots of ribbons, or bunches of flowers; its sides are decorated in like manner; and within it is a man who walks wholly unseen, and hence the garland has the semblance of a moving hillock of evergreens. The chimney-sweepers' jackets and hats are bedizened with gilt embossed paper; sometimes they wear coronals of flowers on their heads; their black faces and legs are grotesquely coloured with Dutch pink; their shovels are scored

To the glories of "the lord and lady," for the first time, in 1825, was added a clown, after the manner of the great Joey Grimaldi, then at the height of his fame. Alas, that the sprightly efforts of my lord and my lady, the tuneful strains of the drum and Pandean pipes, the rough music of broom and shovel, the beguilements of my lord's outstretched cocked-hat, and my lady's enticing ladle extended for contributions, the eager solicitations of the poor, ill-used climbing-boys—should, when crowned with a "copper harvest, have had the

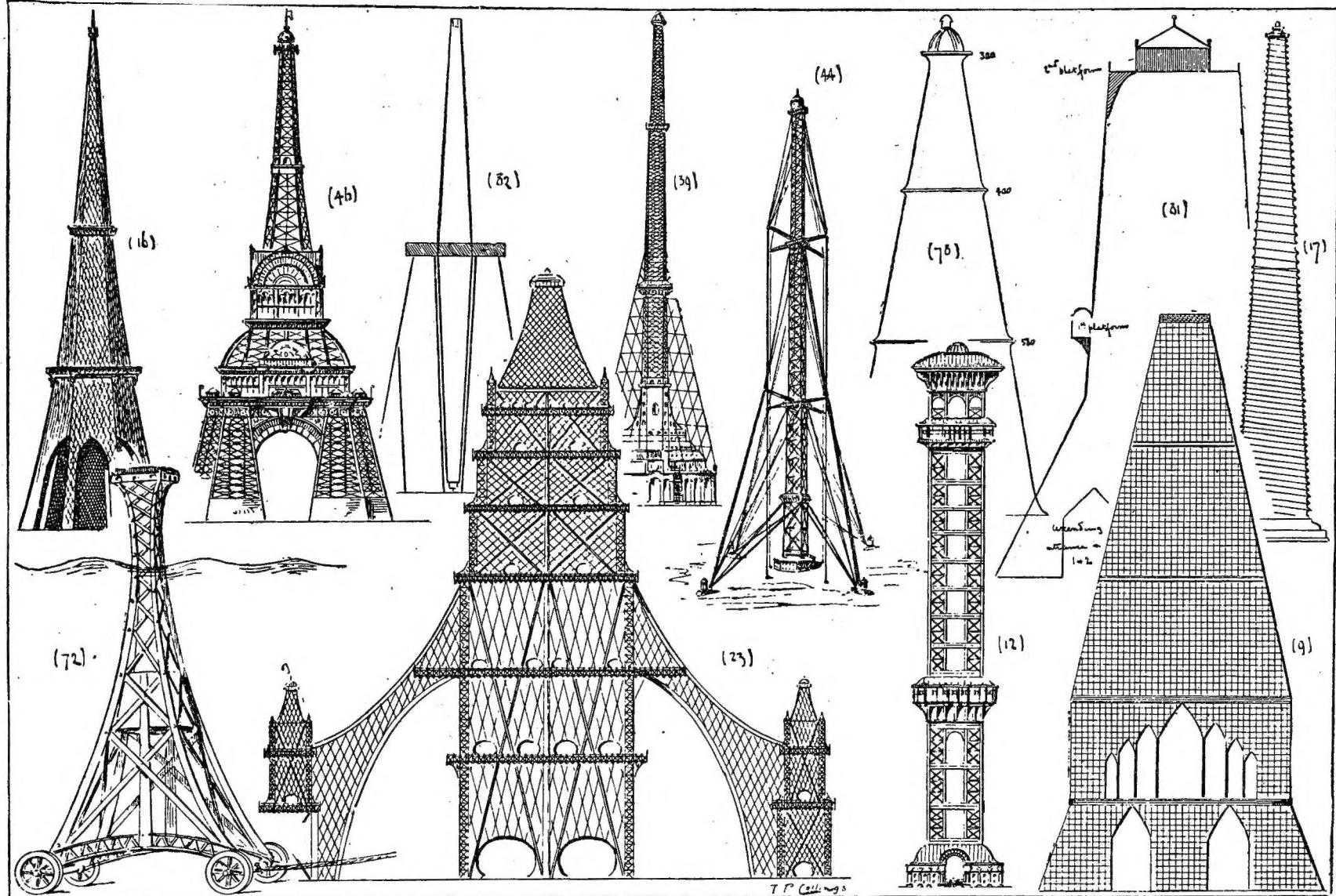
were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Meath, Lord Brassey, and Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P.

THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM FROM THE DUKE OF NORFOLK has been communicated to the *Tablet*:—"Jerusalem, St. George's Day. The Bishop of Clifton sang High Mass this morning at the altar of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. All the pilgrims attended, and sang 'Domine, salaym fac Reginam nostram Victoriaem,' the first time it has ever been heard in that church."

A MEETING, presided over by Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P., who was supported by the President of the Wesleyan Conference, was held after the opening of the new Leysian Hall, which has been erected in Errol Street, Whitecross Street, in connection with the London Wesleyan Mission, and in which ample provision has been made for the recreation, amusement, and secular instruction of the young and old of a very crowded district. About 3,000/- has been raised towards the 9,000/- which the building has cost. On the occasion of the opening 400/- was subscribed.

ABOUT £24*.l.* was realised by an amateur concert given at the Essex Hall, Strand, on the 25th ult., by the Plowden Bijou Orchestra. The money will be expended upon the support of the Sunday Schools of St. Clement Danes, which contain some 350 children, many of them of the poorest classes, for whom the teaching and funds are alike voluntary.

THE DEATH, at the early age of thirty, is announced of the Rev. E. J. Terry, who left England in October, to enter on the duties of Principal of the Church Missionary Society's Training College at Kandy. He was killed by receiving the contents of a rifle which a native boy had aimed and discharged at a buffalo.



THE PROPOSED TOWER FOR LONDON—SOME OF THE DESIGNS NOW ON VIEW IN THE HALL OF THE DRAPERS' COMPANY.

Sir Edward Watkin and the other promoters of the tower have offered prizes of 500 guineas for the best, and 250 guineas for the second-best design, with corresponding estimates, for an erection not less than 1,200 feet in height. We give above illustrations of some of the designs now being exhibited at the Hall of the Drapers' Company, Throgmorton Street, E.C. For the most part iron and steel are the materials designated, but some of the designs are intended to be executed in concrete and masonry. Nos. 9, 12, 78, and 81 are merely designs for towers of varying heights, without any special features. No. 17: "A special promenade is provided round the outside of this tower from the bottom to the top, and a spiral road for tramways and other vehicles, extending half-way up the tower." No. 23: "A Tower 2,000 feet in height, with a base covering about sixty-four acres." No. 39: "The skeleton has a cruciform plan about 500 feet square outside base." No. 44: "A steel mast 1,200 feet high, stayed with steel ropes." No. 46: "A Tower 1,470 feet in height, standing on and including a masonry base, sixty feet in height, covering an area of about eight-and-a-quarter acres. The skeleton is square at the bottom and octagonal above, and the material employed is steel." No. 72: "A design for obviating sea-sickness on the Channel Passage until such time as the Channel Tunnel may have become an accomplished fact. The vehicle, whose wheels are sixty feet apart, can be towed across by a steamer from one side to the other with great facility." No. 82: "A Tower with swinging upper lengths." Most of the designs are of fair merit. But some, of which one or two will be found in the upper portion of our engraving, can only be regarded as the "jokes" of the exhibition.

Glancing thus cursorily at foregoing May-Day gambols, it will be seen that "Jack-in-the-Green," in the palmy days about 1827, as pictured by Mr. Charles Green, may with justice be considered to "have administered to the effects of its predecessors."

The chimney-sweepers gradually took the part of principals, for they had their own May-Day celebrations, and, as it is seen, at last remained the only exponents of a once well-honoured and poetical observance. "Little Master Montague," the traditional hero of the chimney-sweep climbing boys of the bad old days, may have had his festival celebrated on that joyous anniversary : May 1, 1807, was the day on which the West Indian slave-trade was proscribed by the British Parliament : the native soot-black slaves continued on May Days to enjoy not only a holiday, but entertainments beyond those they themselves provided. Possibly in memory of the lost heir of a noble house discovered in the person of a tired-out climbing boy, who had fallen asleep in the very chamber from which he had been stolen in infancy, excellent Mrs. Montague annually gave a dinner to the poor chimney-sweeps at her house in Portman Square, regaling these waifs royally with roast beef and plum-pudding, and presenting each of her guests with a shilling.

She who did once the many sorrows weep,
That met the wanderings of the woe-worn sweep !
Who, once a year, bade all his griefs depart,
On May's sweet morn would doubly cheer his heart.
But, she is gone ! None left to soothe their grief,
Or, once a year, bestow their meed of bee !
Now forth he's dragged to join the beggar's dance ;
With heavy heart, he makes a slow advance,
Loudly to clamour for that tyrant's good,
Who gives with scanty hand his daily food.

All hearts were not dead to the miserable lot of these poor lads;

returns diverted from their legitimate objects ; it is recorded that their task-masters exacted a portion of their apprentices' profits ; others, even harder-hearted, we are told, "take the whole of the first two days' receipts, and leave the worn-out helpless objects, by whom they profit all the year round, no more than the scanty

gleanings of the third day's performances."

Well might the gentle "Elia" write concerning the ill-used climbing-boys, understood to be orphans as a rule—"Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence."

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE is to be this year Her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

of Scotland.

THE APPOINTMENT IS GAZETTED of the long promised Commission to inquire into the means of providing additional accommodation in Westminster Abbey for the reception of the remains of the illustrious dead. Its members are Mr. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works, Sir A. H. Layard, Sir F. Leighton, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Louis J. Jennings, M.P., and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse.

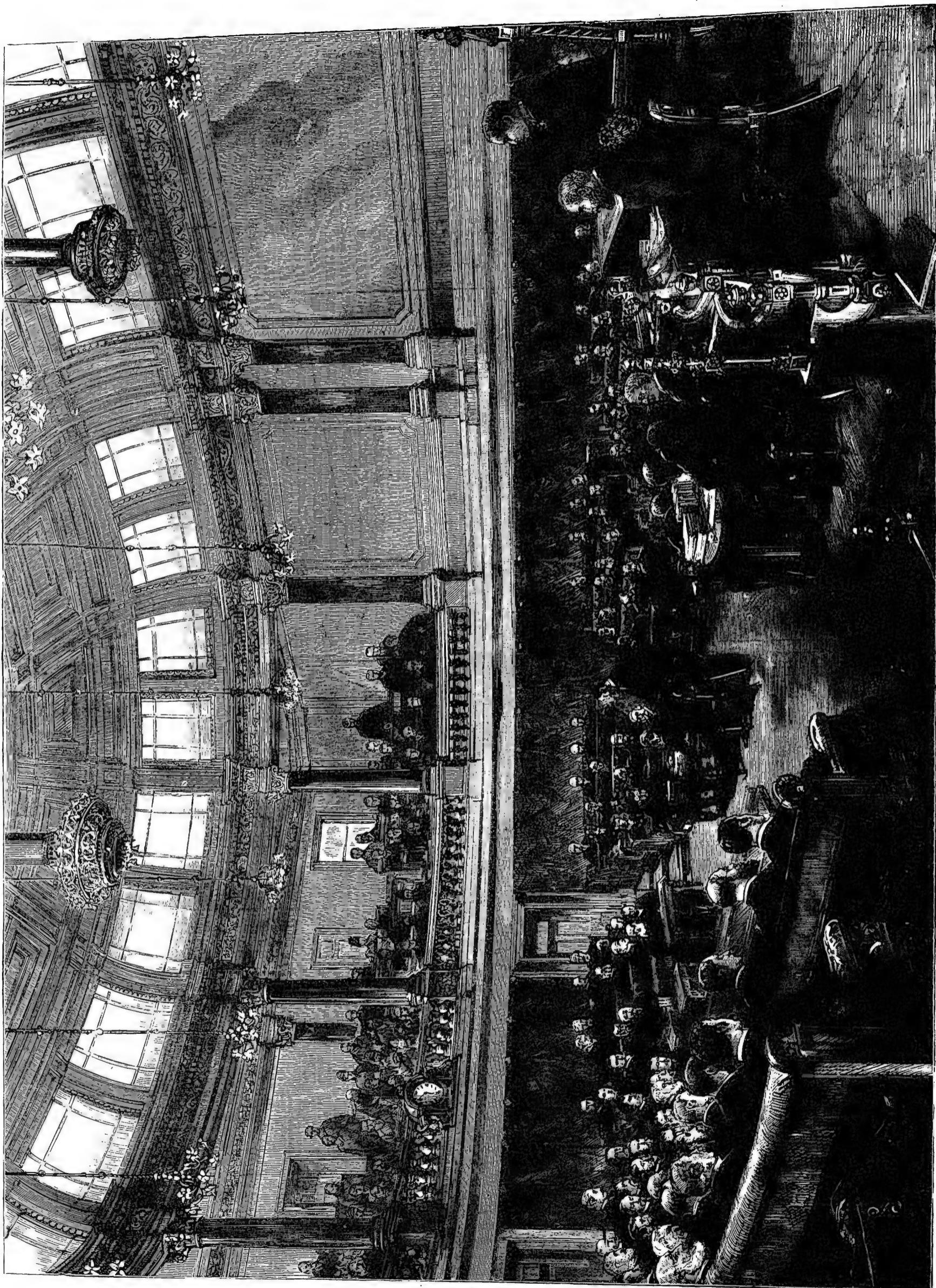
Waterhouse.

THE REV. FREDERICK A. GACE, Vicar of Barling Magna, Essex, issued, it may be remembered, some time ago a sort of supplementary Church Catechism, by which children were to be taught to call Dissent a sin, Dissenters heretics, their worship idolatrous, and attendance at what he styled a "meeting house" wicked. For these unchristian suggestions he was censured by his Diocesan, the Bishop of Rochester. A draper at Holloway addressed to Mr. Gace three post-cards, in which he expressed in very plain and strong language his indignation at this novel catechetical teaching. Mr. Gace bringing against him, in consequence, an action for libel, which was tried before Mr. Justice A. L. Smith and a special jury, the defendant paid 40s. into Court. This sum the jury promptly decided was enough to satisfy the plaintiff's claim, and the judge entered a verdict and judgment for the defendant with costs, which, as well as his own, Mr. Gace will have to pay. The reverend plaintiff was not called as a witness.

GAMBLING is to be put down firmly in Egypt. The Government have abolished all gambling-houses, and the private clubs intend to restrict high play.

THE GRAPHIC

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THE COUNTY COUNCIL IN ITS NEW HOME AT SPRING GARDENS



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

There sat Mr. Tudway Didear attired in a dark flannel dressing-gown, with his violoncello between his knees and a music stand in front of him,

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TOWARDS the end of January, Richard Avon presented himself at Lord Grimstock's family mansion in London. He was received with the utmost friendliness, and his kinship with the Gaunts was not only allowed, but insisted on. Lord Grimstock introduced him to the Countess as "my young cousin, Dick Avon, Adelaide; who has been so good and helpful to Charlotte in all her troubles."

Dick had been to Cheltenham to see his mother and sisters, and had paid a visit to Avonthorpe, where he proposed installing himself as soon as the shooting should be over. "I hope to be settled in the old place by the seventh or eighth of February," said he.

Lord Grimstock, who prided himself on his knowledge of agricultural matters, was much interested to hear Dick's projects for the management of the bit of land which still remained to him as heir of Avonthorpe; and full of practical suggestions. And then Lady Grimstock had to be minutely informed of all the circumstances of the time succeeding Sir Lionel Enderby's death; and to have a description of the villa at Bordighera; and a verbatim account of what the physician in Rome had said about poor darling Mildred; and how dear Charlotte had borne up under her trial.

"Dear Charlotte's" handsome legacy from Sir Lionel had raised her into the position of a very important personage in the family. The Countess of Grimstock reflected, with great satisfaction, that she had always behaved well to her sister-in-law—even to the point of agreeing with Reginald that it was right for him to allow her a yearly sum of money which could ill be spared. And Adelaide, who was a well-meaning, not very wise, gentlewoman, was almost disposed to look upon Charlotte's good fortune as a reward to herself for her exemplary behaviour. Since what could a maiden aunt, self for her younger children?

But all these matters did not make Dick unmindful of his promise to Mildred; and before he left the house, he took an opportunity to prefer her request that she might have Lucy with her again on her return to England.

To his surprise, Mildred's uncle seemed strangely indisposed to countenance any renewal of intimacy between the girls.

"Mildred thinks," said Dick, with his usual straightforwardness, "that Aunt Charlotte (I've been used to call her so, ever since I was a little chap in petticoats) is prejudiced against Miss Marston; and that, in short, they don't understand one another."

"H'm! Well, I own that I had some such idea myself at one time. For Charlotte has immense—a—a force of character; and

is not easily swayed by other people's opinions. But I have seen reason to believe that Charlotte is right in this case."

"Have you seen Miss Marston, my lord?"

"N—no; no, I cannot say that I have seen her," answered Lord Grimstock slowly. His whole manner was slow; and he carried the Gaunt dignity as if he felt himself a little overweighted occasionally. Whereas Charlotte bore her share of it with the proud exultation of an ensign carrying the tattered glory of his regiment; or an acolyte bearing aloft the banner of his faith; or any one, in short, who finds his personal distinction agreeably involved in the proclamation of a great principle.

"No," proceeded his lordship, after a pause. "But I have met her uncle, a person named Shard, at Westfield; and I assure you he is a most objectionable fellow—thoroughly objectionable—cunning, fawning, and vulgar."

"Well; but, my dear lord, it doesn't follow that his niece is like him."

"It does not follow, of course; by no means. But—you have no idea how thoroughly objectionable the fellow is!"

"Well, I assure you, Lord Grimstock, I think the hope of seeing her friend again would be the very best tonic for Mildred you could possibly administer, and would do more to restore her health and spirits than anything else; I do ind ed."

"Bless my soul!" said his lordship, with a stately kind of helplessness in the face of so unaccountable a phenomenon. "It is inconceivable to me—altogether inconceivable!"

For Lord Grimstock could not dissociate the idea of Miss Lucy Marston from the bowing, fawning, vulgar figure with cunning eyes and a squeaking voice which remained in his memory as Mr. Shard the lawyer.

Not only was the prospect of having to be in frequent communication with Mr. Shard on business connected with the Enderby estate extremely distasteful to him, but Lord Grimstock's observation and information had led him to believe that he should not be serving his niece's interests by allowing Mr. Shard to have any share of that business in his hands. In a word, he had resolved to give Mr. Shard no employment at Enderby Court; and under these circumstances it would, of course, be extremely awkward and unpleasant if Mildred insisted on installing Mr. Shard's niece as her bosom friend and companion.

Still, Mildred's health was of too great importance to be trifled with. Lord Grimstock would undoubtedly have been kind to his orphan niece, had she been penniless; but he would not have regarded her quite as he did now, with the knowledge that she was

one of the greatest heiresses in England. And, before we blame him too severely, let us consider how few persons there are (besides ourselves and our friends) who habitually estimate their fellow-creatures apart from external accidents, such as half a million in Government Consols or the ribbon of the Garter.

It was at length agreed on that if Mildred, on her return to England in the spring, should still desire to see Miss Marston, Miss Marston should be allowed to visit her; and Lord Grimstock undertook to gain Lady Charlotte's consent to the arrangement.

Lord Grimstock had some private doubts of succeeding in this undertaking. He knew of old the difficulty of dealing with what he had called, in speaking to Dick Avon, Charlotte's force of character. He remembered the stormy days of her youth, and how their mother had been crushed by the recoil upon herself of the arrogant self-will she had encouraged towards others. Nevertheless the power lay solely with him, as Mildred's guardian, and he did not believe that Charlotte would drive him to exercise it in opposition to herself. She, too, would feel, as he did, that it was important not to allow the girl to pine or fret.

"And I cannot think," said Lord Grimstock to himself finally, "that Mildred will persist in this infatuation when, by and by, her mind shall have recovered its tone."

At the end of the interview Dick considered himself at liberty to write and tell Mildred what he had done; and the hope contained in his letter fully justified his prediction to Lord Grimstock, that it would act as the most potent of tonics.

It brought a tinge of colour into Mildred's cheek, and a brightness to her eyes, which gladdened Lady Charlotte's heart. They were both in the garden of the villa at Bordighera when the packet from the post was brought to them. Mildred was ordered to be as much in the air as possible, and they sometimes spent the whole day in the garden. Lady Charlotte, looking up from her own correspondence, was struck by the new light in the girl's face.

"Whom is your letter from, Mildred?" she asked.

"From Cousin Dick," answered Mildred, flushing still more brightly, and smiling a little, with an absent look in her eyes.

Lady Charlotte looked down again at the letter lying on her lap, but she did not see a word of it. She was making delightful pictures of the future in her own mind.

Very shortly after Richard Avon's arrival in Rome, Lady Charlotte had mentally constructed a romance, of which Richard and Mildred were to be the hero and heroine. Long before that time she had given a good deal of thought to the question of Mildred's marriage.

THE GRAPHIC

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Mildred, her ladyship thought, would not be an easy person to provide for matrimonially. She was wealthy, sufficiently pretty, of an amiable disposition, and (on the mother's side at least) high-born. But Lady Charlotte felt that it would not be absolutely easy to guide her for her good. There was an undoubted touch of the Gaunt obstinacy about Mildred—something of what Lord Grimstock had so politely called "force of character." Lady Charlotte had never allowed her will to come into direct conflict with Mildred's, the only point on which she had seriously thwarted her (sending Lucy away) having been achieved surreptitiously. And Lady Charlotte earnestly desired that no conflict of wills should ever take place between them.

But besides this Gaunt force of character—so admirable, unless when it came unfortunately into collision with some other Gaunt's force of character bearing down in an opposite direction—there was another quality, inherited from her father's side of the house, which might stand in the way of her making a thoroughly satisfactory marriage. This was a certain resolute simplicity, so to say; a steady sticking to the plain unvarnished fact, which had been eminently characteristic of Sir Lionel.

It did not detract from this quality that Sir Lionel had been vain and fanciful on many points. No man can be sincere beyond the range of his intelligence. But in all such matters as his mind recognised to be facts, Sir Lionel had been absolutely clear and candid. Lady Charlotte could not be said to be an untruthful woman. She considered herself to be eminently truthful; holding it far beneath the dignity of a Gaunt to palter or pretend. Nevertheless she habitually dressed up her thoughts about herself and other people in imaginary trappings. And facts were apt to be disguised beyond recognition in the process.

Now this tone of mind was foreign to Mildred, who was essentially matter-of-fact. There were many points, indeed, on which Lucy would have been far better able to sympathise with Lady Charlotte than Mildred was; for Lucy had a great deal of romance in her nature. And Lady Charlotte was highly romantic. All her girlish haughtiness and pride of birth and beauty, in her younger days, had been very different from the prosaic vulgarity which seeks to crush a rival by a finer gown, or stare an unknown "nobody" out of countenance.

Her own love-story had been spoiled, and blurred by bitter tears; but she wished that Mildred's should be a bright, unsullied page. And she wanted it to be really a *love-story*. No mere *marriage de convenance* would have satisfied Lady Charlotte; although, of course, Mildred's husband must fulfil all worldly requirements also. Fortunately Mildred's wealth was so great as to put the money question entirely in the background. And why, this being the case, should not Mildred marry Dick Avon?

There was something in the scheme irresistibly attractive to Lady Charlotte. There would be a kind of poetical justice in her helping poor Reg's son to fortune and happiness. And Dick, too, who had had such hard measure dealt to him—it would be very delightful to act fairy-godmother to Dick, bringing in her hand the beautiful princess with her golden dower. On his side, he came of some of the best blood in England. His grandmother had been a Gaunt; and even his mother, selfish and silly though she might be, was a well-born woman. The Avons had never made a *mésalliance*. And Dick's personal qualities were such as might win the heart of any girl.

"With Mildred's fortune to keep it up, Richard might accept a Peerage," mused Lady Charlotte. "His grandfather refused one, Baron Avon of Avonthorpe! He would like to keep the old name."

And then she reflected that Dick's was just the character to attract Mildred. His unaffected, straightforward manner, and quiet sweetness of temper, that yet had no touch of mawkish weakness, were admirably suited to Mildred's disposition. Of course, this was no moment to speak of marrying, or giving in marriage. And, in any case, there was plenty of time before a word need be said. A short time ago, Mildred, with her seventeen years, had seemed little more than a child—at an age when some girls are accomplished ballroom belles, and flirts of some experience. But she seemed to have made a sudden leap from childhood to womanhood since her father's death.

"That letter is the first thing that has made her smile and look like herself since poor Lionel died," thought Lady Charlotte, who saw every turn of her niece's countenance while seemingly absorbed in looking through her own correspondence.

And then she resolved above all things to be prudent; and not to risk anything by a premature hint. Matters were going on even better than she had ventured to hope. The only check to her complacency arose from the thought that her brother Reginald might not see the Avon alliance in quite so rosy a light as it appeared in to her. Lord Grimstock might possibly look to Mildred's making a more splendid marriage. He might desire a coronet for his wealthy niece. But, really, who was there, among possible matches, who could shed a lustre on the daughter of Jane Gaunt, and the heiress of Enderby Court? And, of course, Reginald would not play the cruel uncle in a story-book. If the young people were in earnest, they might be married with no more opposition than would serve to give zest to the whole affair.

Lady Charlotte had got to this point in her meditations—they had not occupied more than a couple of minutes, reckoning by material time; although they had flashed backwards and forwards through many years of the past and the future—when she replaced the letter in her hands within the envelope, and said, in a quiet voice, "And what does Cousin Dick say?"

"Oh, he says—I can't show you the letter, Aunt Charlotte, because there is a little secret in it. Something I asked him to do for me; and he has done it. But you will know all about it when we get to England."

"Well I must repress my curiosity as best I may. Meanwhile, you can tell me, I suppose, whether he has seen your uncle; and when he goes to Avonthorpe; and how he is getting on?"

Lady Charlotte knew better than to suspect that anything in the nature of love-making had already begun between the young people. But she was delighted that a confidence had been established. And had she known the subject of their confidence, it would have detracted very little from her satisfaction. In the prospect of a marriage between Richard Avon and Mildred Enderby, the figure of Miss Lucy Marston sank into complete insignificance.

"Well," said Mildred, looking back at her letter, "he doesn't say much about himself. I think he is like me in finding letter-writing hard work. But he has called on Uncle Reginald; and he saw Aunt Adelaide; and his mother and sisters are very well; and he found an old acquaintance—a chum, he says—whom he knew in Australia, living at a place near Avonthorpe, where he has just come into some property—the chum has, not Dick, you know."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Charlotte, leaning back in the garden-chair, and letting her large grey eyes rove absently over the sunny landscape. "I wonder who that can be? I don't remember any people near Avonthorpe who had a son in Australia, except poor dear Dick himself, who ought never to have been sent out like a scapegoat into the wilderness. There were the Mordykes—but it could not be any of them; and Lord Addenbrook had only daughters; and—"

"No, no, Aunt Charlotte; Cousin Dick says—I will read you his very words—An old Australian chum of mine has just come into some property a mile or two from my place, by the death of a rich uncle. Is it not odd, our tumbling against each other here? It makes the world seem very small. I wish I had an uncle in the wholesale stationery line!"

"Oh! That sort of person!" exclaimed Lady Charlotte, in a tone which implied that "that sort of person" could have no sort of interest for her.

But it is never safe to assume one's complete isolation from the influence of any fellow-creature. The vibrations of every life, like waves of sound, spread far and wide with incalculable effects; and the presence of "that sort of person" had made Charlotte Gaunt's heart throb passionately when she was a girl in the pride of her beauty, and he Lieutenant Ralph Rushmore of the Engineers.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HER engagement at the dentist's occupied nearly the whole of Lucy's time, so that she did not see so much of the domestic life at Hawkins's as had been the case when she lived there before. She often remained at Mr. Didear's until ten o'clock at night; for there happening to come a considerable press of work after Lucy had been in his employment a few weeks, Mr. Didear offered her extra pay for overtime, if she would remain till ten o'clock on certain evenings in the week.

He came down late one afternoon to make this proposal to them all, in his usual agreeable manner—suggestive of an official accustomed to deal with refractory paupers.

"What will be the amount of the extra pay?" inquired Lucy.

"Sixpence an hour," answered Mr. Tudway Didear, promptly. "Take it or leave it. Four hours extra at sixpence, three nights a week, makes six shillings; and very good pay, too. Pretty nearly double the rate of your regular wages. Forty-eight hours a week at fifteen shillings comes to threepence three-farthings an hour exactly. Those are my terms. I never haggle."

Peggy Barton was afraid she should not be able to work overtime.

Her mother could not spare her.

"Bosh!" said the Professor. "An excuse for laziness! But as you please. And you?" he said, wheeling round upon the other two girls with a pouncing suddenness which made them start and shrink like the crack of a whip. "No shilly-shally! Yes or no!"

"Well, sir, I'll stay Mondays and Wednesdays," said Isabel Jones.

"Jones,—Mondays and Wednesdays," said Mr. Tudway Didear,

"Jones,—Mondays and Wednesdays," said Mr. Tudway Didear, making an entry in his notebook. Then he looked up at Lucy, who said "Yes," in a tone as curt as his own.

He stared at her for a moment, and then turned to Peggy Barton with an angry shaking movement of the head, like a dog worrying a rat.

"Look here! You'll please to understand that when I have to get rid of superfluous hands in the dead season, you'll be the one to go! I don't keep employees who decline work when it's offered them."

Then he added to his notes the entry, "Smith,—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays," and tramped out of the room.

"Oh, you brute, you!" exclaimed Peggy, as soon as the heavy footsteps had died away up the stairs. "Shouldn't I like to hit out at you straight from the shoulder!" and Peggy doubled her poor little fist and looked ferocious.

"He'll give you the sack, Peggy," said Miss Jones, who was apt to take a discouraging view of her friends' prospects.

"Not he! Very well, then, let him!" returned Peggy, with a spirit equal to either fortune.

"Oh, no! He surely would not be capable of that in earnest," said Lucy.

"Capable! Miss Smith, there's nothing he ain't capable of—except behaving like a human being. The thing in all the world I should enjoy most would be to see him soundly horse-whipped, and if it wasn't for mother I'd do it myself!"

The mention of her mother gave Peggy's Amazonian ardour pause. She stopped, sat down again to her work, and wrote on in silence for a few minutes. Then looking up she said with a piteous quiver at the corners of her mouth, "I say, Isabel, you don't really think he will sack me, do you?"

"Just as likely as not," returned Miss Jones, lugubriously.

"The doctor ordered mother strengthening jelly yesterday," said Peggy, and a tear fell on to the envelope she was directing. She hastily wiped it off with her handkerchief, but another and another followed, and at length the girl leaned back in her chair crying silently.

"Don't fret," said Lucy; "I am sure you are too useful to be sent away. Think how much work you do for such little pay!"

"Ah, but there's lots ready to do it for less, Miss Smith," sobbed poor Peggy, whose emotion became more uncontrolled at the sound of the kind word. "That is true, though he says it! It's awful to think how little a girl can earn for working her life out. It would be hard to stay over hours because of mother; but that would be better than losing it altogether."

"I know what riled him," observed Isabel Jones, nodding her head slowly, as she tossed an envelope into the basket.

"Oh, so do I," said Peggy, with a couple of quick-answering nods. "I can see through him well enough—with his mean, paltry, nasty, envious disposition."

"What was it?" asked Lucy, wonderingly.

"You," answered Isabel.

"I!—I offended him? How?"

"Oh, because you're a lady!" said Peggy, vehemently. "Because he knows you can't help looking down on him though you are so quiet. That's what riled him to begin with; that's at the bottom of his prancing about like a mad bull, and being so outrageous all this week."

"You don't seriously suppose that the man threatened you as he did simply because I had annoyed him—unconsciously, Heaven knows!" exclaimed Lucy, with a shocked, anxious face.

"Oh, don't you vex yourself, Miss Smith," said Peggy. "You can't help it; it isn't your fault if he's a mean, spiteful, venomous, low-bred cockatrice!"

"Shut up, Peggy. He's coming back," said Isabel Jones, huskily.

And the next moment they heard Mr. Didear's footsteps returning down the stairs.

He entered the room with a frown on his face, evidently intended to strike awe, and began at once in a more bullying tone than usual.

"Miss Smith, I forgot just now to point out to you that you are guilty of some impropriety in your speaking to me." Here he paused; but, as Lucy merely looked at him without answering, he proceeded: "You say 'Yes' or 'No,' in a manner I'm not accustomed to."

Here he paused again; and Lucy said, "I assure you I have no idea what you mean; I thought you expressly desired me to answer 'Yes' or 'No'!"

Didear grew red, and the veins of his forehead swelled with anger as he exclaimed—

"Very well, Miss Smith—very fine! I suppose you consider that witty! But I look upon it as impertinence—downright impertinence! You ought to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' That is what I'm accustomed to, and what I will have from you, so long as you're my paid servant. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Lucy, fronting him like an image of astonishment.

"Then you'll be good enough to obey orders. I don't know what you may be outside of this house, and I don't care. You may be as good as me, for all I know. But inside these doors you're my paid servant, and you'll behave as such. I'll have no yessing and noing from my employees, so don't try it on!"

"If you please, sir," began Peggy, red-nosed and tearful, but with the ghost of her native vivacity asserting itself indefinably through all, "I've been thinking it over, and if it will be a convenience to you I will stay overtime this week and next."

"No you don't, Miss Barton! You've given your answer, and you'll just stick to it, and so shall I." And with an impartial scowl all round, Professor Tudway Didear once more departed.

There was silence, only broken by the busy pens and the cold-blooded tick-tack of the clock. Lucy's pen was not busy. She sat as if she were positively benumbed with astonishment—pondering, it were not all an ugly dream. "Do you think," she said at length, "that the man can be in his right mind?"

"In his right mind!" repeated Miss Jones, slowly. "Laws, yes! He's making heaps and heaps of money."

"I don't wonder at your feeling like that, Miss Smith," said Peggy, her speech broken by struggling with sniffs and sobs. "People talk about something being too good to be true. But it's my—say you fancied old Diddlemead was too bad to be true. But it's my belief that nothing's too bad to be true of men. They're ever such cruel bullies. Why mother—nobody knows what mother went through when I was little, with father pounding her to a jelly and pawning the blankets off her bed in the middle of winter! He killed himself with drink at last; and moth—mother tried to keep him from it. I wouldn't! I'd have poured it down his throat in the middle of the night, and mixed henbane, or lucifers, or something with it to make it act the quicker!"

"My father isn't like that," said Isabel Jones, whose strong point was certainly not quickness of sympathy. "He belongs to the Blue Ribbon, and goes to Ebenezer of a Sunday."

Lucy's mind was in a tumult. Meekness, as we know, was not among the most prominent of her virtues; and righteous disgust and indignation were now boiling within her. For some time her strongest desire was to inform Mr. Tudway Didear in brief and cutting phrase that she intended at once to leave his house and never return to it. But as she bent over her writing, mechanically copying out the same words over and over and over again, and catching a side glimpse, whenever she looked up, of Peggy Barton's tear-stained and rueful visage, an impulse grew and gathered force in her mind, until it was no longer to be resisted.

When six o'clock struck, she laid down her pen, pushed aside her papers, and, rising up, walked towards the door.

There was an unusual light in her eyes, which both the other girls noticed. Neither of them spoke until she had her hand on the lock of the door, when Peggy said in a low, awe-stricken voice, "You haven't got your hat on, Miss Smith."

"I am going," said Lucy, resolutely, "to speak to Mr. Tudway Didear."

She went up the kitchen stairs with a quick, steady step, and into the hall. Here she paused. Her knowledge of the house comprised only the big, gorgeous waiting-room, now empty and deserted, and the operating-room on the other side of the hall. Where to find Mr. Didear, she was altogether uncertain. "I will find him," she said, uttering the words to herself in a whisper. "It matters nothing what such a man thinks of me. But that poor thing—" Suddenly the *brum-brum* of the violoncello sounded from a little back parlour behind the waiting-room. Without a moment's hesitation Lucy opened the door, and walked in.

There sat Mr. Tudway Didear attired in a dark flannel dressing-gown, with his violoncello between his knees and a music-stand in front of him. The room was extremely hot, for gas was flaring in chandelier suspended from the ceiling, and a red fire glowed in the grate. On a cushion in front of the fire lay a huge Persian cat, luxuriously stretching herself in the warmth, and emitting a deep, purring sound as if in emulation of the violoncello.

To say that Mr. Didear was surprised when he beheld Lucy standing in the doorway would be but faintly to describe his sensations. An expression almost of alarm passed over his face. Miss Smith's eyes were very bright and her countenance was full of excitement—albeit excitement of a subdued and concentrated kind. No doubt she was in a furious temper. He had noticed her quick, angry flush, and the sparkle in her eyes when he spoke downstairs. He rather enjoyed seeing them then, since tyranny would be but a flat business unless one's victims were sensitive to it. But Mr. Didear was one of those persons who require an audience of two or three for the sustenance of their powers. He was occasionally liable to be cowed or quelled in a *tête-à-tête*.

He stared at Lucy without uttering a word. But she was too much absorbed in an inward vision that urged her on, to care for that. Indeed, she was scarcely conscious of his looks. She closed the door behind her, and advancing a few steps into the room until she stood opposite to his chair, said,

"I am come to beg something of you."

If before she spoke Mr. Didear's feeling had been astonishment, it might now be described as stupefaction. His jaw almost dropped as he continued to stare at her.

"I came to beg," pursued Lucy, with intense eagerness, "that you will reassure that poor little Miss Barton. She is in great distress. She thinks you are angry with her. You don't know, perhaps, that she has a sick mother whom she works for. I am sure you do not mean to send her away. But she is afraid. If you would only say a word it would lighten her heart. Oh! and I meant to say—perhaps I ought to have begun with that—that if my mode of speaking gave you any offence it was quite involuntary. I didn't intend to annoy you. I will call you 'sir.' I will try to remember it."

The dentist's thoughts had been active while Lucy was speaking. He had no immediate intention of discharging Peggy Barton, who worked well and understood his requirements. But Peggy Barton's going or staying was not important. Miss Smith, on the other hand, had made herself valuable to him already. He had thought of including some correspondence—the writing of notes to make appointments with certain of his more distinguished patients, and so forth—in her extra work on the Saturday evening when she would be alone. He was quite aware that her style of writing such notes would be superior to Peggy Barton's, or even, probably, to that of Miss Saunders, his much-enduring private secretary. He had expected when he first saw Miss Smith abruptly enter the room to hear her announce angrily that she was going to leave him. It was certainly agreeable to him to find that her errand was so totally different a one, and the revulsion of feeling carried him even beyond the point of his habitual insolence.

"Are you aware," said he, addressing her from his chair, while she stood before him, "that you have taken a most uncommon liberty in coming in here?"

"I am very sorry—," began Lucy, pressing her hands tightly together.

Didear on Peggy's behalf, but the words had been uttered without calculation.

"And you, I suppose," returned Mr. Didear, with his fullest bullying voice, "are afraid of nobody!"

Lucy was silent for a moment; then she said, quietly, "I should be afraid to lose my employment if I had a sick mother dependent on it for her comforts, as Miss Barton has. I think one is always more afraid for others than for oneself."

This certainly was a most singular young woman! And her submission did not for a moment deceive him as to her real attitude of mind towards herself. He was inwardly convinced that even if she sank on her knees before him, she would in reality be make the others believe that he had subdued her pride, whatever his own secret conviction on the subject might be.

"I shall expect you," he said, with a terrier-like shake of the head, "to repeat to me to-morrow in the writing-room, and in the presence of Miss Jones and Miss Barton, your apology for speaking disrespectful."

"Then," said Lucy, looking straight at him, with a glance which she flattered herself was very calm, but which Didear felt to be mysteriously scorching, "I may tell Peggy Barton you don't mean to send her away?"

"I don't know anything of Peggs or Pollys. I am not so familiar with my employees as you seem to be. As to Miss Barton, I have no intention of parting with her at present. If I had, nothing you could say would hinder it, I can tell you. And now perhaps you'll be good enough to withdraw—and sharp, too. Don't open the door wide, and shut it quick behind you. My cat feels the cold."

When Lucy ran down the kitchen stairs, she found Isabel and Peggy cloaked and hatted, ready to go away, but lingering with irrepressible curiosity to know something of Miss Smith's interview with Didear. "Are you going away, Miss Smith? Have you given him notice?" asked Peggy wistfully.

"No; I am not going, and neither are you," answered Lucy smiling, and patting the girl's shoulder. "He says he has no intention of parting with you."

"No!" exclaimed Peggy, clasping her hands and making her eyes very round.

"Now, then, ain't you young ladies pretty near ready to be off?" said Mrs Parfitt's voice from the kitchen. "The Professor'll cut up very rough if the gas is burning there after you've done work."

The three girls hurried out; and Lucy parted with the other two, as usual, at the corner of the street.

"Oh, ain't I just thankful!" said Peggy to her friend as they walked quickly along.

"I dare say he knows well enough he can't get girls to do the work we do at any moment," observed Miss Jones, with some inconsistency, seeing that she had previously pronounced it likely enough Peggy should be discharged.

"Don't you believe it!" said the more generous-minded Peggy. "It's Miss Smith's doing. I'd lay my life it is. She's a regular angel; and mother'll say so too."

When Lucy reached the house in Great Portland Street, she found Fatima alone in the drawing-room; and, the moment she had entered it, Fatima ran to see that the door was quite shut, and then said, in a low, mysterious tone, "Oh, Lucy, such dreadful news! Old Clampitt has bolted!"

This announcement in itself conveyed nothing very harrowing to Lucy's apprehension. But she perceived that worse remained behind. And yet Fatima's manner, though emphatic, and almost tragical, indescribably conveyed the idea that she was, on the whole, rather enjoying herself.

"What has he run away for?" asked Lucy.

"Hush! It's all up with Millamint. At least, Marie says she is sure of it; and even Uncle Adolphe is down, down in his boots. That old wretch!" continued Fatima, stamping her foot. "If he only had had courage to stand firm a few weeks, Uncle Adolphe is certain it would all have turned out splendidly. But old Clampitt" (with another stamp) "was terrified at the first little cloud in the sky. And he's as rich!—but he has bolted, put himself and his hoards out of reach, and ruined everything!"

"Where is Mr. Hawkins?"

"Hush! Uncle Adolphe is on his way to Brussels. What would be the good of his staying to be a victim when old Clampitt is safe in America, or somewhere?"

"And your cousin—?"

Fatima put her lips close to the other girl's ear. "Packing up her jewellery," she whispered.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy, trembling as a new and terrible idea rushed into her mind. "But shall you—shall you all go away?"

"It is not certain, but—Zephyrus is to bring word this evening what is being said in the City. If things look very bad, Marie and I must start for Paris to-morrow."

(To be continued)



Mr. W. E. NORRIS is invariably great in his rogues, of both sexes. Of such always interesting personages enough and to spare will be found in "Misadventure" (3 vols.: Spencer Blackett). More especially the unscrupulous Anglo-Russ, Mark Chetwode, and Madame Souravieff, his mistress and fellow conspirator, are excellently worked out, and will win favour, not for their merits, but for their villainies. It is true that they are rather in the predilection of flies in amber in the society amid which we find them, or, for that matter, in any other; but Mr. Norris loves sharp contrasts between characters and circumstances, and revels in exposing the general deceitfulness of appearances. The story is rather wild and extravagant, and is not, on the whole, up to the standard which its author has so well established for his measurement. There is often an apparent unnaturalness about his characters, or, at any rate, about their conduct under given situations, of which he himself seems conscious; indeed it would be scarcely possible to work the plot without at times doing a considerable amount of violence to consistency. It is too complicated for the shortest description; and it must suffice to say of it that, if it be not full of real life, it has no lack of very real liveliness; that it abounds in strongly marked characters and dramatic situations; and that it is admirably written.

The Scottish character has no more sympathetic portrait-painter than Sophie F. F. Veitch, who to "Angus Græme, Gamekeeper," "James Hepburn, Free Church Minister," has now added "Duncan Moray, Farmer" (2 vols.: Alexander Gardner), and we cordially trust that she will continue to add to her gallery of Scottish types until there is some approach to an exhaustion of the list—which will be long, seeing that they are many. If she is a little inclined to idealise her heroes and heroines, especially those in comparatively humble life, the fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen of Adam and Duncan Moray of Craignell will assuredly have no cause for complaint; and, for that matter, none who have known

the finest type of the Lowland farmer will consider that the idealisation is carried beyond reasonable bounds. The authoress has been fortunate in the circumstances of her story—an aristocracy where the claims of an ancient ancestry constitute a social religion, not more insisted upon by those who hold themselves a separate caste than admitted by the rich new-comers, who would give half their fortunes and all their self-respect to share it. In this matter, she displays a sense of the ridiculous which her former works scarcely prepared us to expect; but her ridicule is never unsympathetic, and thus achieves the distinction of humour. The problem of the plot is how to bring together the apparently unapproachable Miss Elliott, of Beechwood, and the plain farmer, Duncan Moray—a problem which, under the given conditions, which must be learned at first hand in order to be fully realised, is apparently insoluble. It is a case, for once, in which not even love could have found out the way without somewhat violent aid. The result is a really interesting story, in which the reader will by no means find himself satiated either with nobility of character or with the small doings of small people. Elliott of Beechwood is a villain of almost heroic thoroughness, who might serve as an illustration for Dé Quincey's famous essay of the consequences of a single murder "perhaps little thought of at the time." In short, "Duncan Moray" contains interest of most kinds.

"The Queen of the Black Hand," by Hugh Coleman Davidson (1 vol.: Trischler and Co.), may almost be judged by its title. It is a little surprising to find the author of "The Green Hills by the Sea" plunging into Spanish secret societies; but the surprise proves to be pleasant. It is true that we have no more belief in his assassination-society of the "Black Hand" than in any ordinary nightmare; but nightmares are outside criticism, and they are often interesting to experienced dreamers, even when least agreeable. The hero of Mr. Davidson's nightmare is an advanced specimen of the "hardy journalist" who goes in for "colour"—and gets it. For he is not only persecuted by a secret society of Socialists, who seem as if they had stepped straight from the boards of *opéra bouffe*, but by the passionate love of their chief—an exceedingly forward young woman, with whom a less innocent young hero would have known how to deal pretty promptly and sharply. However, the story has plenty of "go," and nobody who begins it will be satisfied until he knows the end.

A great deal of black, of the very deepest dye, and very little white, even of the greyest, distinguish "In Black and White," by Percy Hulbert (3 vols.: Ward and Downey). Its themes are forgeries and other unmitigated villainies; and the author evidently differs from M. Zola's recently reported opinion that finance is naturally uninteresting—that is to say, in fiction. Some of the incidents are really too horrible, as a Nihilist invention for causing madness by inoculating the victim with the virus of hydrophobia. The mind of an author who believes that he can give pleasure by writing stories of this sort is difficult to fathom.

"The Experiences of Richard Jones; from his Diary," by J. Jones (1 vol.: Digby and Long), is a very curious book indeed. It is the story of a Welsh lad who came to London to seek his fortune with some knowledge of Latin and Greek, but next to none of English, and two home-made suits of clothes of fit and fashion calculated to blight his chances once for all. However, he somehow contrives to drop into the scholastic groove; and if Richard Jones's experience of the principals and under-masters of middle-class private schools be untrue to reality, then John Jones must have a more powerful and unscrupulous imagination than any author alive. Incredibly as they will appear to most minds, it is impossible that anybody should have invented all the incidents and characters which are encountered by the hero of these grotesque experiences. Unless they be true they have no point; but they have all the air of being something more than merely based on fact, and in that case their abundance of point will be found manifest. It is unquestionably only too true that, while the education of the wealthy and the working classes is amply provided for, the youth of the lower middle-class (the phrase is detestable, but unavoidable) is still too much at the mercy of the scholastic tradesman. We would fain think that the experiences of Dick Jones are exaggerated, but we cannot; nor can we call them merely amusing when it is so impossible to disbelieve in them as a faithful representation of what somebody must have really seen and known.

HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES

IT used to be said that an Old Bailey lawyer never reached the Woolssack, but this saying met its death in the promotion of Lord Halsbury to the highest office to which a barrister can aspire. For it was as a criminal advocate that the Lord Chancellor gained his forensic reputation. It is not surprising, therefore, that he does not possess the legal erudition and hair-splitting intellect which have distinguished some former Keepers of the Great Seal. He is far better known as the possessor of a remarkable power of grasping facts, which, combined with the deeper legal learning of Lord Watson and Lord Macnaghten, renders the decisions of the House of Lords as a judicial tribunal almost impregnable to professional or public criticism. A merrier face than Lord Halsbury's never smiled beneath a Lord Chancellor's wig. He remains the man of genial mood he was at the Bar, taking a keen interest in his work, and enjoying the modest pleasures of a country gentleman at his charming house near Stanmore, where the delights of amateur carpentering fill some part of his leisure.

Two more widely different Judges than the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice could not well exist. Lord Coleridge is studious in everything he does. His sparkling phrases are too brilliant to be spontaneous; even his "silvery voice," as Lord Beaconsfield once called it, bears some marks of study in its dulcet tones. His legal erudition goes hand-in-hand with a power of ascertaining the truth worthy of the great cross-examiner he was at the Bar, and with a gift of detecting humbug which was probably cultivated to perfection in the course of the Tichborne case, in which he held the leading brief for the family. A casual visitor to the Lord Chief Justice's Court gains but a very imperfect acquaintance with his lordship's astuteness, which is disguised to some extent by his perfect courtesy and childlike blandness. If he is not addressing a barrister in the gentlest of voices, or sipping the mysterious potion which stands in a long glass by the side of his desk all day, his eyes are mostly closed, his head softly resting upon his ermine breast. As becomes the nephew of a poet and philosopher, Lord Coleridge has added to his unique knowledge of legal lore an exceptionally extensive acquaintance with general literature. A very good familiar quotation book might be compiled from his judgments.

The flower of the Bench, in the opinion of most of its critics, is to be found among the sextet of Judges who form the Court of Appeal. The leading characteristic of the Master of the Rolls is strength. Strong common sense, strong dislikes and likes, strong language, and a strong frame, which made him one of the best oars that ever rowed in the Cambridge boat—all these Lord Esher possesses in a marked degree. His judgments are remarkable for their wealth of illustration, and for the knowledge they display, not only of the law, but of the world. His favourite pastime being yachting, it is not surprising that he takes most interest in the Appeals from the Admiralty Court.

Lord Justice Cotton, who presides over the Second Court of Appeal, giving it an air of benevolence with his settled smile, white locks, and gold-rimmed spectacles, positively revels in the construction

of complicated wills, the interpretation of ill-drawn contracts, and the management of estates "in lunacy." He only looks happier when he attends a review of the Inns of Court Volunteers, who have in him their most enthusiastic supporter.

Lord Justice Lindley and Lord Justice Fry will leave notable names behind them in the profession. Each has written a legal classic—the one on "Partnerships," the other on "Specific Performance." Our distinguished lawyers are no longer lawyers, and nothing more. Sir Edward Fry, whom many think to be the greatest lawyer on the Bench, is not only a popular Judge, but an accomplished scholar. He takes an active interest in education, which he frequently assists by lecturing at popular educational centres on such subjects as the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicles," his knowledge of which resembles Mr. Weller's acquaintance with the Metropolis. In the early part of his career he wrote several religious works from the standpoint of a Quaker.

An even greater scholar, however, is Lord Justice Bowen, who carried everything before him at Oxford, where his intellectual and athletic attainments are at Balliol still as familiar as "household words." Like Lord Justice Lopes, who enjoys the distinction of being the best horseman on the Bench, Sir Charles Bowen was made a Judge when he was comparatively young. It is given to few men to sit in judgment on his fellow-countrymen at forty-four. As a Judge of First Instance, his Lordship was a failure. He failed to reach the level of jurymen. In the Court of Appeal he found his proper sphere. His vast legal learning and sparkling judgments, rich in literary allusions, his lucidity of expression, and courtesy of manner, make him one of the brightest ornaments that tribunal has ever had.

Sir James Hannan, who has occupied more space in the public mind than any of his learned brethren, is the father of the Bench. He was made a Judge in the early part of 1868, and has always gained the esteem of the profession and the public by his urbanity—an admirable though rare quality for a Judge, which is possessed, but in a smaller degree, by Lord Penzance, whose liberal-minded administration of ecclesiastical law in the Court of Arches receives the condemnation of the bigoted and the praise of the wise. The expression of pain which Sir James Hannan's features usually wear is doubtless the result of "putting asunder" men and women who have been divinely joined. He is ably assisted in the curiously-composed Division of which he is president—what have wills, marriages, and ships in common?—by Mr. Justice Butt, whose jokes are his weakest points.

Unfortunately, the Senior Judge of the Chancery Division, Sir Edward Ebenezer Kay, has been unable to sit this term. He is recruiting his health in Norfolk, where he is a popular landowner. His illness has not excited the sympathy of company promoters. He has a very keen eye for a fraud, and on many a petition for winding-up, his significant cough and sarcastic laugh have prefaced a slashing attack upon financial evil-doers.

A jovial, almost jolly judge is Mr. Justice Chitty, who acted for many years as umpire of the University Boat Race. He is known among the irreverent, who none the less admire his unrivalled wealth of leading cases, as "Mr. Justice Chatty." He does not possess the merit which belongs to Mr. Justice Stirling of saying as little as possible in the course of a case.

Some amusing stories are told of Mr. Justice North's want of knowledge of the world. In a case which he tried when he went on circuit, it was stated that the prisoner used a meaningless adjective, common among the lower classes. In his summing-up Mr. Justice North innocently drew the attention of the jury to the admission of the prisoner that blood was upon his garments.

Among the idle juniors of an empty day Mr. Justice Kekewich finds many admirers. He entertains them with jokes, at which they laugh both loud and long. On a memorable occasion an action, entitled "Heap v. Pickles," was brought before him. "The parties to this action," observed his lordship, "seem to be a very mixed lot."

The characteristics of the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division, where the cases are of greater public interest than those in the Chancery Courts, are well known to the public. Mr. Justice Denman, one of the most careful and conscientious administrators of the law; Baron Pollock, an ideal Judge in the eyes of juniors with their first briefs, to whom he always gives a helping hand; and the other Baron, Sir John Walter Huddleston, whose continual exclamation, "Well, well. Go on," is overlooked by barristers, who remember the irritating malady from which he suffers, have all served the fifteen years which entitle a Judge to retire on a pension.

By most people Sir Henry Hawkins is regarded as a Judge of Draconian severity; but the notion is not true to the extent to which it is held. No Judge is more imbued with a spirit of justice towards prisoners. For instance, he is strongly opposed to police supervision being added to terms of imprisonment, on the ground that it gives "mighty little chance" of reformation. His lordship's well-known sporting proclivities find eloquent expression in a terrier of a particularly sporting type which accompanies him in his many walks abroad at the West End.

"A philosopher among lawyers, and a lawyer among philosophers," Mr. Justice Stephen, whose "Commentaries" entitle him to be called the Blackstone of these degenerate days, is severely intellectual and aggressively argumentative. He is capable of more work than any two of his colleagues. Writing articles for the reviews on abstruse questions is to this giant rest and recreation.

Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Cave are distinguished for their large acquaintance with commerce, and the laws which govern it. On the other hand, Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Smith, whose names the Parnell Commission has inseparably joined, are better known for a general knowledge of the law, which also deserves to be called a deep one.

The two most popular Judges in the Common Law Courts are Mr. Justice Wills and Mr. Justice Charles, whose never-failing courtesy is proverbial. One of the most graceful speakers on the Bench, Sir Alfred Wills always contrives to be interesting, because he never misses an opportunity of giving the public sound advice upon matters which call for it. His ruddy complexion tells of his many excursions up Alpine heights, whose glories were admirably pictured in a book which he wrote some years ago.

In Mr. Justice Grantham's mind facts seem to preside over laws; with Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, one of the most erudite lawyers of his time, statutes are always superior to statements; and this is why the decisions of the one are so frequently reversed by the Court of Appeal, and the judgments of the other are nearly always affirmed. Since his recent promotion to the Bench, Mr. Justice Lawrence—"Long Lawrence" he used to be called—has displayed in his reticence a wisdom which all new Judges would do well to emulate.

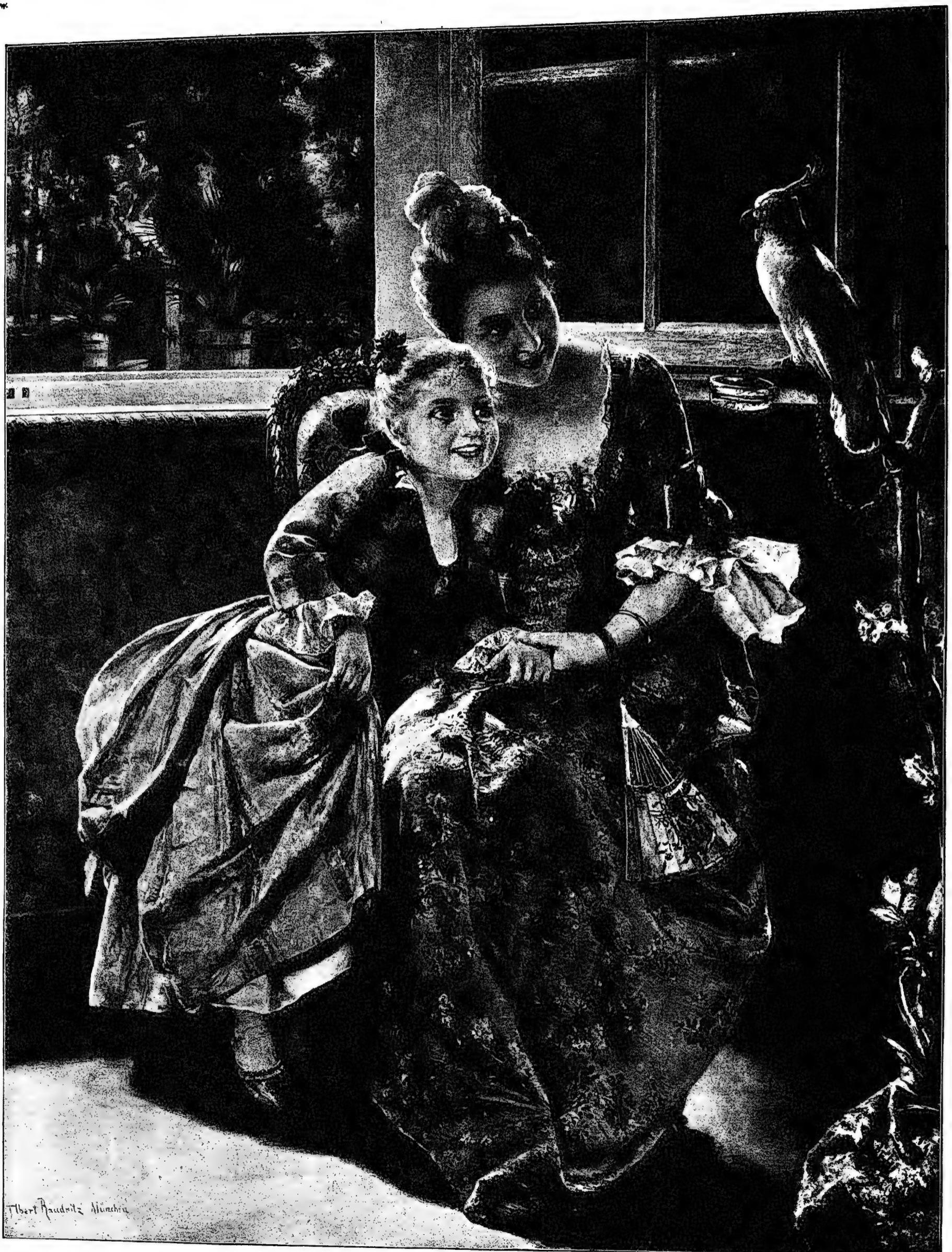
Before long several fortunate Q.C.'s will doubtless have an opportunity of doing this, several resignations being expected. A judgeship is certainly a prize worth fighting for. The salaries are well within the lines of sufficiency. The Lord Chancellor receives 10,000/- a year, the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary are paid 6,000/-, the Lord Chief Justice receives 8,000/-, the Master of the Rolls 6,000/-, and the remaining occupants of the Bench are each paid 5,000/- for five hours' work on 215 days of the year. And no officials of the State can acquire more dignity or earn more respect than those who have mastered:

— the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Through which a few by art or fortune led
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.

G. K.

THE GRAPHIC

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BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTO COMPANY

"A LEARNED PUPIL"
FROM THE PICTURE BY A. RAUDNITZ



A SOLID and comprehensive account of the activities of modern Christianity as directed against the forces of heathenism and of alien religions was, no doubt, a work for which a demand would exist among serious people. Thus we have "Conquests of the Cross" (Cassell), of which the first volume has just been issued, edited by Mr. Edwin Hodder. It professes to be a record of missionary work throughout the world. Mr. Hodder has had the advantage of the assistance of gentlemen having special knowledge of certain countries, and of the work carried on in them. As the editor observes, the story is not necessarily a dull one. A little skill displayed in the manner and arrangement of the narrative, and it may be made very interesting. We are taken through every land under heaven, and track the missionary, the explorer, the health officer, and the Christian merchant into African jungles, beside Indian rivers, among the eternal snows of ice-bound Greenland, and in the coral islands of the Pacific. A great moral movement with which are associated such names as those of Carey, Marshman, Ward, Livingstone, and Moffat is certainly not without its element of grandeur. This first volume ranges in its scope from Burmah to Danish North America. It is profusely adorned with woodcuts, calculated to catch and please the popular eye. Altogether, we imagine "Conquests of the Cross" bears within itself the promise of a wide success.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ayrault Dodge, author of "Great Captains," gives us "Alexander" (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.). This is something more than a mere piece of ancient biography. The author, who is technically well informed, supplies also a history of the origin and growth of the art of war from the earliest times to the Battle of Issus, and describes graphically and in detail the

translated from the works of the mediæval Arab geographers by Mr. Guy Le Strange. The translator has thus rendered available the mass of interesting information about Palestine which lies buried in the Arabic texts of the Moslem geographers and travellers of the Middle Ages. Some few of the works Mr. Le Strange quotes have been translated, either in whole or in part, into Latin, French, or German; but, hitherto, no Orientalist has undertaken to translate, systematise, and bring into comparison and chronological order all the various accounts given by the Arab geographers of the cities, holy places, and districts of Palestine and Syria. These provinces of the Byzantine Empire were conquered by Arab hordes within a few years after the death of Mohammed; and, except for the interruption caused by the occupation of the Holy Land by the Crusaders, the country has remained under the rule of the Moslems down to the present day. Before the close of the ninth century A.D., the science of geography had already begun to be studied among the learned in Islam. The science, besides being theoretically expounded in their schools, was practically treated of in the numerous Arab "Road Books," since his pilgrimage to Mecca made every Moslem perform a traveller once at least during the course of his life. Mr. Le Strange has, with painstaking labour, placed a great deal of valuable material at the disposal of the Oriental and Biblical student. The value of his work is enhanced by numerous illustrations and maps.

The great deeds of Stanley and his brave followers have aroused a fresh interest in Africa. Mr. John Murray has taken advantage of the present direction of the public imagination to issue a new and abridged edition of M. Paul du Chaillu's "Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa and the Country of the Dwarfs." That well-known describer of romantic tropical adventure claims to be the first white man who penetrated into the vast and unbroken forest which extends north and south of the equator, varying in breadth from two to three degrees on each side of it. Although M. du Chaillu admits that a few travellers, and Mr. Stanley at their head, have touched the outskirts of the country he traversed, and have confirmed his narrative by independent testimony, more espe-

cial character which had a definite influence upon his public career. Altogether, he contrives to convey a clear and distinct picture of one of the greatest English Parliamentarians.

We have also received a copy of the seventh edition of "E. V. B.'s" "Days and Hours in a Garden" (Elliot Stock); "A Handy Guide to Fly-Fishing" (Sampson Low), by Cotswold Leyes, M.A.; Mrs. Mary Locke's "In Far Dakota" (W. H. Allen); Vol. I., July to December, 1889, of the "Newbery House Magazine"; Mr. P. H. Emerson's "English Idylls" (Sampson Low); and Messrs. Cassell's "The Temperance Reader," in the "Modern School Series."

THE SIKKIM DIFFICULTY

ONE of those annoying little wars in which this country is from time to time involved has lately come to an end. Under a mistaken belief that Sikkim was a portion of Thibet, the Thibetans endeavoured some two years ago to block the road leading through Sikkim to Thibet, by the erection of a fort. The intruders were requested to withdraw, but refused. A small British Expedition, under Colonel Graham, was sent to destroy the fort, and succeeded in doing so, but the Thibetans still refused to give up their claim, in which they were supported by the Chinese Amban or Imperial Resident in Thibet, and retained a hostile attitude. There was a certain amount of desultory fighting, in which our troops were uniformly successful, before the Thibetans would consent to open negotiations; and even when they were decided upon, months were wasted in fruitless endeavours to arrive at a settlement, owing to the characteristic Oriental dilatoriness of the Amban. Poor Mr. Hart, who was sent to advise him, must have had a weariful time of it. At least, however, the Amban and other Chinese Plenipotentiaries reached Calcutta, and there on March 23rd His Excellency, using a brush dipped in Indian ink, signed a Convention, whose purport has not yet been made known, but which is believed to confirm the British claim to treat Sikkim as a Feudatory State.—Our engraving is from a photograph sent us by Mr. W. H. Leycester.

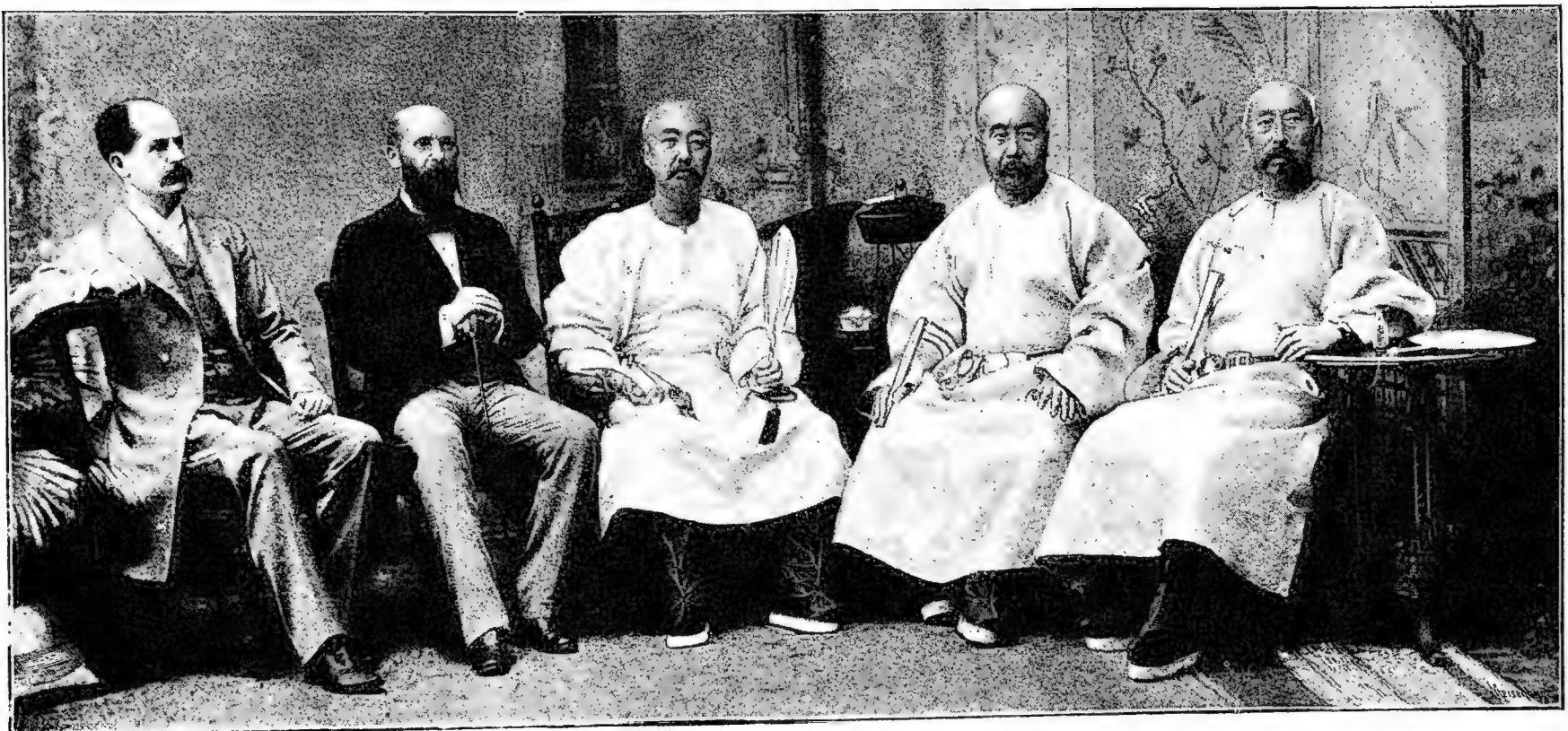
Mr. E. Ludlow

Mr. J. Hart (The Amban's European Adviser)

General Chang

Mr. Chi

His Excellency Sheng (Chinese Amban or Resident in Thibet)



THE SIKKIM NEGOTIATIONS—THE CHINESE SPECIAL MISSION TO INDIA

campaigns of his hero. His text is enriched with no less than two hundred and thirty-seven charts, maps, plans of battles and tactical manoeuvres, cuts of armour, uniforms, siege devices, and portraits. Colonel Dodge treats politics as a side issue. Most of his space has been devoted to fighting and strategy. He approaches his task in a very intelligent spirit. He distinguishes shrewdly enough between the commander of to-day and of twenty centuries ago. Thus he observes:—"Individual prowess was a large part of ancient war. In Homeric times, it was especially prominent. A narrative of Alexander is apt to abound in instances of his personal courage rather than of his moral or intellectual force. The former seemed to appeal more strongly to the ancients. The old historians deal almost exclusively in details of this kind, and, in following them, one is instinctively led into giving much prominence to acts of individual gallantry. In olden days troops had to be led, and the commander-in-chief was called on to give a daily example of his bravery. Troops are now moved. Brigades are mere blocks. While he needs courage as much as ever, the commander should avoid exposure to unnecessary risk. His moral and intellectual forces are more in demand than the merely physical." Of the arms, discipline, and general military organisation of the ancients, a lucid idea may be formed from the perusal of this book, which may be enjoyed by young or old who are fond of history.

A book valuable to the student of Greek history is "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens" (Macmillan), which is a translation, by Mrs. Margaret de G. Verrall, of a portion of the "Attica" of Pausanias, and is prefaced with an introductory essay and archaeological commentary by Miss Jane E. Harrison, author of "Myths of the Odyssey." Mrs. Verrall's responsibility begins and ends with the translation and the appended critical notes. Miss Harrison's aim, in her part of the work, has been to discuss in full every topographical point that could bear upon mythology; and, for the sake of completeness, to touch but very briefly on such non-mythological monuments as were either noted by Pausanias, or certainly existed in his day. "For example," she writes, "the circuit of the Thucydidean walls and the precinct of the Pelasgikon stood, a flood of light is thrown on the significance of the Areopagus." So, cults and the double legend of the grave of Oedipus. . . . So, again, with sculpture. What has mythology to do with lovely grave-reliefs, the human family groups of the Hagia Trias? This is what has mythology to do with lovely figures that seem merely human has its root and ground in mythology. The outcome of the collaboration of these ladies should commend itself to classical scholars.

A volume cognate in character to the foregoing is "Palestine under the Moslems," published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund by Mr. Alexander F. Watt. It consists of a description of Syria and the Holy Land from 650 to 1500, A.D.

cially on such points as the existence of tribes of cannibals and dwarfs, the density and vast extent of the central forest of Africa, and the existence of a huge range of mountains to the eastward, he claims that no white man, as far as he knows, has been able to penetrate to the haunts of the gorilla, and bring home specimens killed by himself, since M. du Chaillu's time. Many people will doubtless welcome this abridgment of a famous work, none the less because of its plentiful and attractive illustrations.

Those who care for the local lore of our countryside will be grateful to the Rev. Thomas Parkinson, F.R.Hist.S., for a second series of his "Yorkshire Legends and Traditions: as Told by Her Ancient Chroniclers, Her Poets, and Journalists" (Elliot Stock). Mr. Parkinson avers that the subject is inexhaustible, the "Yorkshire Legends" of Mr. F. Ross, which appeared in the "Leeds Mercury" a few years ago, containing many stories untouched in these volumes; while traditions and romances of families connected with the county, and altogether omitted, would alone suffice for another volume. Our author has succeeded very fairly well in giving to these "traditions hoar," "wild legend," and "the minstrel's dream" of the long past, a new life on the lines of the old.

Mr. Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S.(Eng.), L.R.C.P.(Edin.), has published in compact and handy form his lecture delivered at Cambridge on March 10th of this year, entitled "The Healing Art, and the Claims of Vivisection" (Swann Sonnenschein). He shows that there is no lack of unassailable scientific authority for the contention that in relation to medical science the claims put forward on behalf of vivisection are usually much exaggerated and unsupported by the facts. "Sheltered," he writes, "behind the protecting influence of medicine, scientists do with impunity deeds of awful cruelty which would not otherwise be tolerated for an instant." Mr. Berdoe makes it clear that all the reason, logic, and science are not on the side of the vivisectionists.

Mr. T. C. Hepworth has chosen an opportune moment at which to bring out a new and revised edition of his "Book of the Lantern" (Hazel, Watson, and Viney). The usefulness of the "magic" lantern, which, until comparatively recently, was regarded merely as a toy, is now widely recognised. At many educational establishments it is regularly employed as part of the teaching apparatus; even the College of Surgeons has not scrupled to avail itself of the once-despised lantern for the illustration of its anatomical lectures; and quite lately the first meeting was held of a newly-started "Lantern Society." As to Mr. Hepworth's book, we need say no more than that it remains the authority upon the subject.

A useful volume has been added by Messrs. W. H. Allen to their "Statesmen Series" in the "Life of Charles James Fox," by Mr. Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College and Tutor of Keble College, Oxford. The biographer has fixed his attention particularly upon the public life of the great rival of Pitt, and upon those parts of his private life and traits of his private

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IT would appear that the great popularity of Mr. Eric Mackay's "Love Letters of a Violinist" has occasioned a demand for a select and attractive edition of his other poetical works. For this reason Messrs. Kegan Paul have published the volume before us, which is entitled "A Lover's Litany." It contains, besides many new lyrics not to be found in any other collection, a frontispiece portrait of the author. The verse is certainly flowing and often musical. "Gladys the Singer" is a fine poem, in which the old story of girlish trust and man's deceit is told with force and passion, and its artistic power is evident. The poet rings effectively many changes on the power of love. As an example of his work we may venture to extract a stanza from the Ninth Litany, "Lilium Inter Spinas," which runs thus:—

The full perfection of thy face is such
That, like a child's, it seems to know the touch
Of some glad hour that God has smiled upon.
There is a whiteness whiter than the swan—
A singing sweeter than the linnet's note;
But there is nothing whiter than thy throat,
And nothing sweeter than thy tender voice.
When, love attuned, it skyward seems to float.

The anonymous author of "A Poetaster's Holiday" takes the public into his confidence and explains why he has written a book. "It is an axiom of the present time," he observes, "that to attempt to write poetry is foolish. Granted. But, having attempted it at an age when you knew no better, and having thus become possessed of a quantity of manuscript, what shall be done with it? Burn it? No doubt it would be wiser—and cheaper. But a certain restless egotism of the author's will not let him do it. He feels like a young mother that, not content with the orgasm of parentage—and, withal, a little ashamed of it—must yet needs hold up her offspring for the inspection of others." After this we are led to expect poetry, and we are not surprised to find the author condemning, in his opening poem, the modern critic:—

Praising the great the praiser's taste attests,
The panegyric on its author rests;
But turn the radiance on a name unknown,
The flame scarce lit absorbs light of your own,
New names are endless, but new worth is rare;
New men are friendless, so all sport is fair;
New prose is languid, and new verse is halt;
But reputation never knows a fault;
And thus, when novel themes their minds engage,
Should critics doubt, they read—the title-page.

Our author, it is clear, can express himself with a certain caustic smartness. Despite his preface, there is not a little merit in his volume. "The Alchemist's Tale," for example, is by no means wanting in power, and the book generally might have been well left to take care of itself without excuses born of self-consciousness.



"JACK-IN-THE-GREEN"—A MAY-DAY SCENE SIXTY YEARS AGO
DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

THE GRAPHIC

A GROUSE MOOR IN THE OFF SEASON

On the moors in the off season—say between Easter and Whit-suntide—when there is nothing to kill except vermin, crows, rabbits, and wood-pigeons, there are nevertheless many things to be seen which escape attention in the bustle and excitement of September. One has leisure in the early summer to look into small matters, and the small matters develop a surprising amount of interest. There is a little shooting-lodge situated in the middle of a shooting some four or five miles square, to which we sometimes pay a pleasant visit in May or June. Standing half-way up the northern slope of the Ochil Hills, its whitewashed walls are conspicuously visible from the whole countryside. Its northern windows look across the broad valley of Allan Water upon range after range of purple mountains. In the array of summits visible upon the sky-line are Ben Lomond, Ben More, Ben Lawers, Ben Vorlich, Ben Chonzie, and Schiehallion. The sight of these peaks is as good for the imagination as the pure air of the hills is invigorating to the lungs. But in this paper we shall have no space to speak of scenery. Our attention will be occupied with near things and small. The distant mountains are only mentioned because they enter so persistently into one's mental picture of the place.

On our way uphill, from the railway station to the lodge, one sunny and windy morning, we see evidences of an abundant variety of living things. Here are peewits, not in multitudinous flocks and always out of gunshot as you see them in autumn, but in pairs, each pair in charge of its young. Three or four of the old birds are flapping about within thirty yards of us, calling excitedly, and pretending to be lame, in the hope of distracting our attention from the little ones. On a telegraph wire that sways and hums in the wind is perched that most beautiful of birds, a greenfinch. Very brilliantly it glows in the sunshine as we stop in the road to look at it. Next moment it is gone like a flash to its nest in the thick meadow-grass; for hereabouts the land is under cultivation; on all sides are cornfields and turnip-fields, promising well for the partridge-shooting. But as the road mounts higher and higher on the hills we come out upon the desolate moors, the proper kingdom of the grouse.

Grouse disease being rife in Perthshire, we ask anxiously whether any signs of it have been found in the neighbourhood. "None whatever," is the keeper's reassuring answer. But of this we may satisfy ourselves by ocular demonstration. For the "disease," being a species of wasting tuberculosis with its own peculiar bacillus, tortures its victims with an intolerable thirst. The poor things drag themselves to the running water only to die of exhaustion on its banks. If then the disease is about we shall be sure to find dead birds in the neighbourhood of water. This train of ideas sets us wandering in a state of apprehension along the mountain burnies searching for little wrecks of bones and feathers. Luckily we cannot find any; but we do find a good many nests, one of them within a hundred yards of the lodge, and in close proximity to the nest of a meadow-pipit. The hen grouse and the pipit can almost see one another as they sit. Every day we visit these nests, until one morning we find the eggs neatly chipped in half and the young birds gone. They run about, these young grouse, as soon as they are born; and what with stoats, weasels, owls, foxes, and perhaps crows ready to catch and eat them, they have need of all their activity.

The red grouse, by the way, is something of a puzzle to evolutionists. There are many native species of birds and quadrupeds in the British Islands; but, with the exception of one, they are also to be found in other countries. The one exception which is found in the British Islands and nowhere else is the red grouse. Closely allied no doubt it is to the wide-spread willow grouse of Scandinavia, which turns white in winter; but the red grouse never doffs its homely heather-mixture, and, although probably descended from the same remote ancestors, is certainly now a distinct species. That it owes its colour to "eating heather" is a proposition to which the prudent novice will hesitate before according his assent.

Every good keeper hates crows, and shoots them whenever he has a chance. Notorious egg-stealers they are, beyond a doubt; but whether they eat young grouse is not so certain. Here and there upon the moors you find a solitary post, six inches thick and four feet high. This is for the benefit of the crows. On the top of it is fixed a common rat-trap. The crow, as he flaps heavily along (possibly mobbed by peewits), looks about for a resting-place for his feet, a point of vantage from whence he may take observations. He naturally selects the only post in sight; up goes the trap, and there is one crow less on the moors.

The foxes are not so easily dealt with. You may find their fresh castings beside culverts, but for the foxes themselves you may search to little purpose. One day, as we make our way over the barren lands near the top of Muckle Cairn, we spy two young foxes sitting at the entrance of a hole. No sanctity attaches to Reynard in Scotch latitudes. Accordingly we come next day with spades, dogs, and guns; we burn quantities of stinking grass in the holes; for hours we dig out slabs of the black soil of the hagsgs; we get Poll and Bell (or "Paul" and "Baal" as the keeper calls them) into a state of frantic excitement; but we never see those foxes again.

The high lands near the top of the range are full of interest. Among the hagsgs you find blue hares. The keepers tell you that once upon a time the country was under water, from which the mountain tops stuck out like islands; on these islands the blue hares were the only living things, and that is why they are found there to this day. The real reason, as every dabbler in natural history knows, is that these hares are a survival of an Arctic fauna which flourished between the glacial epochs. On the final disappearance of the ice they naturally retreated to the only places where an approximately congenial climate was to be found. Hence we find them on Scotch hill-tops and Alpine uplands, but in low-lying Germany they have become extinct. The hagsgs, by the bye, are very characteristic features of the place. A good idea of their appearance may be obtained by looking at a shallow gravel-pit; you have only to imagine soft black mould in the place of the sand and gravel.

Another important feature of the high lands is the presence of those strong-winged, watchful birds, the curlews. They come here shore. While they are here, they make themselves very conspicuous, always keeping out of gunshot (even though the Wild Birds' Protection Act may be in force), and flying in vast circles round any suspicious object, uttering the while their weird and melancholy call. It is a whistle rather than a call; a longish quavering note, followed immediately by a shorter note pitched an octave higher. In the same regions you often hear the bell-like note of the golden plover calling its mate; and wherever there is a pool of standing water, if only two or three feet wide, you are pretty sure to flush a couple of ducks.

Those whose ideas are not strictly limited to "sport" will also take note of such innocent and humble creatures as the moss-cheepers and ring-ouzels or "hill-blackies," and in the lower lands they will often see the little redshank, a new settler in Great Britain, but found almost everywhere on the moorlands. As we cross an open patch of grass, closely eaten down by the Highland sheep, two of these pretty creatures get up and fly slowly round, twittering in evident alarm. Looking closely at a little tuft of grass, so small that you would think it could scarcely hide a caterpillar, we discover after some trouble a large-sized redshank chick. We pick it up, and find it a well-grown long-legged creature, nearly

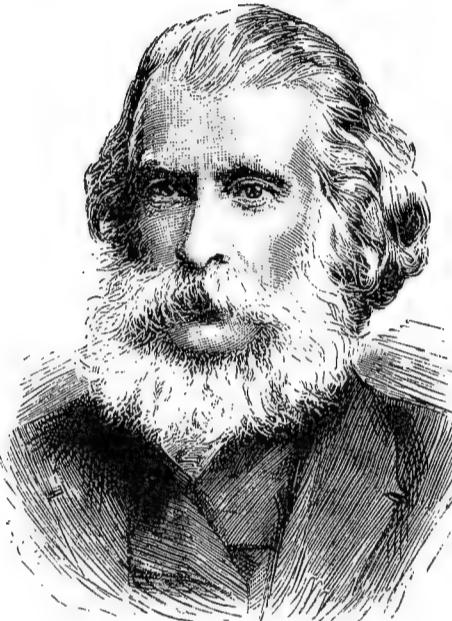
as big as a thrush, and very unlike its elegant parents. We put it down again, and off it runs with a gait like that of a miniature ostrich.

The man who would attempt to give an account of the flora of the Ochils would be started upon an almost interminable task. At every step something new and delightful may be seen by sharp eyes. Everybody knows the heather, the ling, the whortleberries, the cotton-sedge, the wild orchids, and the polypods. A list of the rarer plants would be intelligible only to a botanist; but there is one of them which is so interesting as to deserve a few lines to itself. As you wander through the damper parts of the moor, places so soaked that the water oozes up round your boots at every step, you see what looks like a pale green starfish spread out flat upon the ground. It is butterwort. Those pale green pointed leaves, closely inspected, are found to be covered with minute drops of sparkling gum. For the butterwort is an insect-eating plant; you will find little insects caught by the gum on every specimen. From the centre of the star rises a bare stalk about three inches long, which bends gracefully over at the top, and carries a single blue flower, not unlike a violet in general appearance. The flower produces honey, and is regularly visited by bees. It is certainly remarkable that the same plant should attract insects for two different purposes—small ones to the leaves, to be eaten; larger ones to the flowers, to fertilise the ovaries. And it is interesting to notice that by the length of the flower-stalk the flower is kept at safe distance from those dangerous leaves. It would hardly suit the butterwort if the bees upon which it depended for fertilisation were to be caught in its own gummy death-trap.

R. C. D.

THE LATE MR. J. A. P. M'BRIDE

THIS well-known sculptor was a thorough Scotchman, for while his father belonged to the small, but by no means insignificant, clan of M'Bride, his mother was a M'Kenzie, and his grandmother a M'Kinnon. Born in 1819, John Alexander Paterson M'Bride at



MR. J. A. P. M'BRIDE,
Sculptor,
Born February, 1819. Died April 4th, 1890

an early age entered the studio of the late William Spence, of Liverpool, and also studied at the Liverpool Art School. On leaving Mr. Spence he removed to London, where he became a student at the British Museum. His life-size group of "Margaret of Anjou and her Son," exhibited at the First Sculptural Contest in Westminster Hall, though it did not gain the prize, procured for M'Bride an introduction to the studio of the late Samuel Joseph, R.S.A., with whom he remained some time. Returning to Liverpool he took an active part in the art-movement then beginning in that town. Thenceforward Mr. M'Bride's industry never ceased. Numberless works came from his studio, most of which are to be seen in Liverpool. Seven years ago Mr. M'Bride once more removed to London, where he was well-known as a lecturer and critic. Last year failing health compelled him to remove to Southend, where, on Good Friday, he died. One of his last works was a statuette of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the finished model of which reached him only a few days before his death.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

ROAD COACHING

IT is well nigh twenty-five years ago that the great coaching-revival took place, and the Duke of Beaufort with his colleagues took over and worked the Brighton Road, on which the *Age* was running. Since then the love of coaching has gradually spread, more especially amongst the denizens of London Town, until now forsooth there are a dozen or more coaches running out of London daily during the summer, while not a few of these are kept on their own road, or placed upon another, during the winter, a fact which speaks plainly as to the present healthy state of affairs. As in every other vocation, changes during these twenty-five years have been many, and in some instances serious, perhaps the most notable of all being that in connection with the White Horse Cellars. This hostelry the road coaches have looked upon as headquarters for years and years, but a short time ago it followed the way of all flesh, or rather bricks and mortar. A foreigner, doubtless fascinated by the position and prospects of money-making, made an offer, and bought the time-honoured inn for upwards of £6,000.

It was evident then that the time had arrived when Piccadilly, with all its old traditions, would soon be no more a rendezvous for the coaches. Masons and painters were soon at work, the ancient house that had stood for 150 years gradually vanished, while in its stead grew up a hideous modern-looking row of shops and restaurant, the coaches were given their *cognac*, and Mr. Banks, who, ever since the revival, had been connected with one or all as booking-clerk, was now left officeless and without employment. The coaches were dispersed, and a fresh starting-point had to be found. But where? That was the question. Piccadilly is daily becoming more crowded, while Pall Mall has no suitable hotel, so, at last, the various owners agreed to separate, though the major portion selected Northumberland Avenue, some choosing the Hôtel Victoria, while others threw in their lot with the Hôtel Métropole. The Guildford and Dorking, remaining nearer their old house, decided on starting from the Bath Hotel, Piccadilly. Still, it was not Hatchett's, which, when in its zenith, was a truly remarkable house,

and even to within the last year boasted curious relics of the olden days, the old gridiron, for instance, and the ancient signboard, which represented a sort of cross between a circus-horse and a unicorn, and which bore the name of Hatchett.

It must not be concluded from these remarks that all these changes have come suddenly upon us—in fact, several of the coaches started from the Hôtel Victoria last year; but the vast building, with all its luxurious surroundings, affords little or none of the simple hospitality which was, and still is, so dear to coaching men. One of the greatest charms, perhaps, of the old hotel was the friendly chat, smoke, and general intercourse in the homely bar after a day down the road. But now, alas! all that is changed: there is nothing to attract the coaching man, nothing to induce the passenger to wait for the next arrival; nor will there be, unless a portion of the huge building is set apart for their use.

A coach brings with it an element that is entirely at variance with the surroundings, and it remains to be seen whether matters will last as they are. But still the fact is ever present that the choice of a more suitable starting-point is most difficult. To be entirely applicable, it should be in a central position, yet not in a too crowded thoroughfare; while a good hotel, coaching-room, booking-office, and snug bar or parlour are indispensable. Amongst the coaches themselves changes are also apparent this year; but for the greater part, happily, only in the matter of roads.

To begin with, there are still nine coaches running which have practically experienced no change, with the exception of those alterations already referred to; there is the Brighton (*the Comet*), which still runs the road as of yore, starting now from the Hôtel Victoria, with Colonel Tracy, Mr. S. Freeman, and Mr. M'Calmont at the head of affairs; then comes the Dorking (*the Perseverance*), leaving the Bath Hotel at 11:10 A.M., with Messrs. H. Withers, Sheathers, Bolding, Featherstonehaugh, and Clows; the Guildford (*New Times*), also running from the Bath Hotel, the driving being divided between Mr. W. Shoolbred and Captain Maude, this and the Dorking Road being two of the prettiest. The Hertford (*Telegraph*) is a venture that was started last year with marked success, and Mr. Harveyson, the proprietor, will be supported this year by a strong contingent, chiefly from the *Ola Times*; they also leave the Hôtel Victoria at 10:45 A.M. The Hampton Court (*Vivid*) leaves the Hôtel Métropole at 11:30 A.M., and Harry/Cracknell, a member of one of the oldest coaching families, is in charge. The next on the list is the Virginia Water (*Old Times*), which has selected the Hôtel Victoria for its head-quarters, and starts at 10:30 A.M., Mr. Harveyson being the proprietor, and Mr. H. L. Beckett, Captain Broadwood, Mr. W. Dixon, and Mr. Davidson the subscribers. The St. Albans (*Wonder*) will again run to its former destination, leaving the Hôtel Victoria, and will once more be seen ascending the big hill with its six horses. This coach has no subscribers, Mr. P. J. Rumney, of Dr. Ridge's Food renown, being the proprietor. The Sevenoaks (*Tantivy*) will also continue its career—a remark that applies to the Windsor (*Venture*), which leaves the Hôtel Métropole at 10:30 A.M. for the Royal borough, Arthur Fownes (a name that carries coaching in its sound) being proprietor, his supporters being Messrs. F. Meredi.h, A. H. Curnick, Beale, and Ferguson.

Of the new ventures, the Bellaggio (*Defiance*) heads the list, and will leave the Hôtel Métropole on April 28th for its first trip into the heart of Surrey. The Colchester (*Rocket*) takes a long drive into Essex, leaving the Hôtel Victoria at 11:15 A.M. on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, returning on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; Mr. W. H. Mackenzie is the proprietor, with E. K. Fownes as coachman. It is now close on twenty years since a road coach ran from London into Essex, and then it only made the outward journey, returning by train. The Reigate Road is this year to be reopened with the *Magnet*, Messrs. J. W. and F. Christmas and R. Leftwich being the joint proprietors.

Like the Colchester Road, it is one that has not been much used for coaching purposes. In 1871 and 1872 Colonel Tyrwhitt and Lord Norreys ran the road, and in 1875 the Brighton coach went that way, but since then till now it has not heard the sound of horn, and as it is a very pretty road the *Magnet* should score a success, it leaves the Hôtel Victoria at 11 A.M.

The Eton (*Express*) will commence its season on the 28th, from the Hôtel Victoria, leaving at 11 A.M., and J. Sullivan, the proprietor, will be supported by Mr. Wickens.

From this it will be seen that there is no falling off in numbers, or, for that matter, quality, for if some of the coachmen are not so experienced as one might wish, they are generally attended by old hands, and certainly the majority of coaches are far better horsed than was formerly the case. Altogether the road coaching of 1890 has a wonderfully bright appearance when the numerous obstacles of late thrown in its way are taken into consideration.

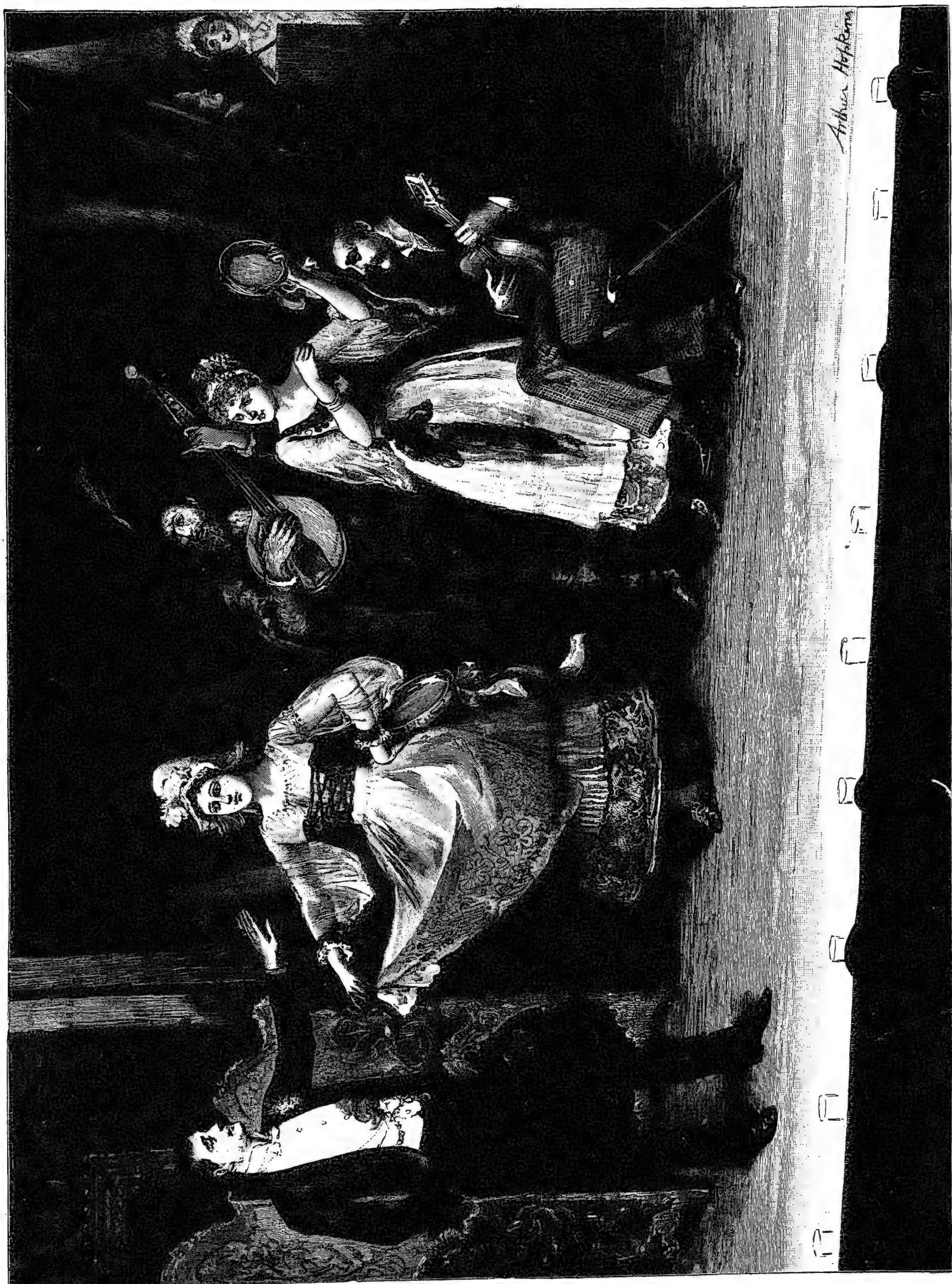
HARBINGER

A NOVEL NAUTICAL BAZAAR will be held at Canterbury next Waterloo Day, on behalf of the fund for building a parish hall for St. Mary Bredins, Canterbury. The stalls will be shaped like ships so as to represent chronologically the advance of the British Navy from the old "seventy-four" to the modern ironclad of the latest type, forming a complete naval review.

AT THE ANIMALS' INSTITUTE, 9, Kinnerton Street, Wilton Place, S.W., an exhibition of Bits, Spurs, and Stirrups will shortly be held. Lady Florence Pelham-Clinton and Lady Frances Trevanion, the honorary treasurers, will be much obliged for the loan of any specimens, ancient or modern, English or foreign, that would be of general interest, and especially any of peculiar make.

PHOTOGRAPHY having become so favourite a recreation, an "Exeter Hall Camera Club" has been formed in connection with the Central Young Men's Christian Association. Dark rooms will be arranged in the basement of the Hall, for the benefit of members, popular lectures will be given, and excursions arranged for the study of landscape photography, while exhibitions of the members' work will be held at intervals. Lady members will be admitted to the Club, of which Mr. G. J. Ingram is the Hon. Sec. *Apropos* of Photographic Exhibitions, the solitary gold medal awarded at the recent display at the Crystal Palace fell to M. Lafayette, of Dublin, who is the first Dublin photographer to obtain the honour. His portraits were all printed by his perfected platinotype process, which is absolutely permanent.

A "BOCK" OF BEER has become the general term in Germany and France for a glass of beer, but it really means only the first cask of new beer, which is tapped throughout Germany in the spring. This beverage is strong and heady, and is apt to incline people who drink too freely to run their heads against any obstacles in their way, like a stag or goat (*bock*), butting any one. Just now a regular beer-carnival prevails in Berlin to celebrate the fresh "bock" of the year, so the "bier-hallen" are crowded with thirsty souls, drinking, singing, and making merry, after the fashion of a Teniers picture. The Spandau Brewery is the most famous manufactory, and the road from Berlin to the suburb has been one long procession of vehicles of every description, whole families driving out to taste the bock. Such tumult ensued that twenty mounted policemen tried vainly to enforce order, while little attention was paid to the notices that the public were forbidden to knock the tables and chairs with umbrellas, sticks, glasses, and keys; to use bad language, to sing choruses, or to march in



PRIVATE THEATRICALS—A DRESS REHEARSAL
“MY FIRST SEASON”



THE May-Day Labour Demonstration has kept most Continental countries in a state of ferment and anxiety throughout the week. Indeed, in many parts of AUSTRIA—Vienna, especially—public business has been almost suspended, and by Thursday the principal towns seemed in a state of siege, thanks to the presence of strong bodies of military. The Austrians' alarm was justified by the excesses committed some days before at Biala and Lipnik, the centre of a large industrial district in Galicia, which, without any apparent cause, were pillaged by a mob of workmen and roughs. The rioting was only stopped by the troops firing on the crowd, of whom fourteen were killed and many injured. Here the demonstration of trade grievances was only a cloak for an attack on the Jews and Polish proprietors, the anti-Semitic movement being answerable for much of the present labour agitation in the Empire. Moreover, peaceable workmen are intimidated into joining the strikers till almost every branch of trade has either struck, or intends to strike, on behalf of an eight hours working-day—the international watchword of the whole demonstration. The work-people in State and employ were forbidden to absent themselves on Thursday, and many large employers gave similar notice. Many quiet artisans wished to work as usual and simply make holiday in the evening. In Pesth, the workmen themselves promised to abandon street processions, but the Viennese were not so amiable, and accordingly the citizens took every precaution against disturbance, shutting their shops, and laying in supplies of provisions. To allay the alarm, the Empress hurried back to the capital, and the Prater-Fahrt was arranged as usual, while troops were massed at all dangerous points. GERMANY was less nervous than her neighbour, yet kept her troops in readiness at all centres of disaffection, and refused any holiday in the State establishments. German workmen had no such elaborate organisation for the movement as their Austrian brethren, and proposed to work in the day and demonstrate in the evening, leaving disturbance to the strikers and the roughs. Similar peaceful processions were made by the majority of the working-classes in FRANCE, though these assurances were contradicted by the fiery Anarchist addresses sown about Paris, inviting the soldiers to turn upon their tyrant leaders and welcome "the dawn of human emancipation." The movement in the provinces was confined mainly to Southern towns like Lyons and Marseilles, and to the mining centres in the North, while the Government devoted their chief energies to taking precautions in Paris. For some days previous, suspected and prominent Anarchists were arrested wholesale, and their papers seized—notably, the Marquis de Mores, and M. Prévost, the Secretary to the Syndical Chamber of Paris Working Men, some fifty persons being taken in all. Managers of Anarchist prints were prosecuted for inciting to violence, and M. Constans showed plainly that he would be content with no half-measures. To complicate matters, a Royalist conspiracy is stated to have been discovered just in time, as May-Day was fixed on for the outbreak. Accordingly troops were massed at every vantage point on Thursday, public ceremonies like the "First Communion" at the Madeleine and the opening of the Salon were put off by Government orders so as not to interfere with military movements, and the public at large were warned to keep as much indoors as possible. Demonstrations in halls were countenanced, but street processions would not be permitted except the small deputation to the Chamber to hand in the petition for eight hours a day. BELGIUM, SPAIN, and ITALY laid no restrictions on their workmen, as the proposed demonstrations were not planned on a large scale. In the UNITED STATES Chicago led the way in the demonstration, chiefly owing to the complaints of the carpenters and the packing-house employees.

The Boulangist party in FRANCE have met with a crushing defeat at the Paris Municipal Elections. Notwithstanding their steady decrease of popularity, they felt certain of success on this occasion, unable to believe that the General's name had lost its charm for the Parisians. But only one Boulangist was elected on Sunday, and not more than three or four will get in at the second ballot—a poor show against the thirty seats which they expected. Owing to the mass of candidates for the eighty seats in the Council, twenty-one alone were properly elected last Sunday—twelve Republicans and eight Conservatives, besides the Boulangist, while fifty-nine second ballots must be taken next Sunday, the Republicans having every prospect of a large majority. The voting passed off quite quietly. Six bye-elections to the Chamber were held at the same time in the provinces—also to the Republican advantage. These successes cheer the Government after the depressing prospect of affairs in Dahomey, where little can be done at present, owing to the rainy season and the want of Parliamentary sanction. When the Chamber meets next Thursday, the question of an expedition to Abomey must be brought forward, but after Tonkin the French are shy of such undertakings. The force on the spot at Porto Novo is insufficient for offensive work, though it can hold its own, and even threatens to bombard Whydah if the King attacks the French garrison. Naval Captain Fournier declares that though Whydah is two miles north of the sea, his vessels' fire can well reach the town, and has proved his words by dropping a few shells there. Accordingly, the King has stopped his advance, and restricts his energies to writing letters to President Carnot, complaining of French aggression. President Carnot has returned to Paris, after a highly successful tour, where one of the most gratifying features was the extreme cordiality shown by the clergy, as if to disarm the anti-clerical sentiments of the Government. The tour had its ludicrous side, too, in the bombastic letter from Prince Napoleon to President Carnot, abusing the President for his insolence in daring to visit the Great Napoleon's birthplace. However, the Prince has only been well laughed at for his pains.

The meeting between Emperor William and Queen Victoria has been the chief topic in GERMANY, and the extreme cordiality of their greeting is commented on with much satisfaction. Moreover, the Germans are especially pleased at the prospect of a British squadron taking part in the Teutonic naval manoeuvres this autumn. Emperor William's conferences at Strassburg with the Grand Duke of Baden and Prince Hohenlohe have also caused numerous rumours about alterations in the Government of Alsace-Lorraine and the mitigation of the troublesome passport regulations. News from EAST AFRICA keeps colonial interest well alive, as it is reported that a German party—probably that of Herr Borchert—have built a fortified station near Mount Kenia, hoisting the national flag to prove the annexation of the district by the German Empire. Moreover, the Germans have now gone in force to bombard Kilwa, the Teutonic fleet supporting Major Wissmann's attack on land. Emin Pasha has started from Bagamoyo with his caravan of five German officers, six hundred porters, and a large force of Nubian soldiers, intending to visit the north end of Lake Tanganyika. According to a letter to Dr. Felkin, Emin does not mean to return to his own province, but to devote himself to German interests. He alludes to a letter giving his reasons for his change of attitude; but this epistle, like other messages, seems to have been intercepted. Emin's

conduct towards the Egyptian Government is not put in the most favourable light by a Coptic clerk now at Cairo, who was formerly in his employ at Wadelai. The clerk declares that the revolt of Emin's forces was caused by the Governor's intention to surrender the Equatorial Provinces to the Mahdi, to whom he sent three messengers, though they were stopped by his own officers. Owing to the cattle plague, provisions at Zanzibar are at famine prices. Sir F. de Winton's appointment as Administrator of the British East African Company is much approved.

The excitement over Lord Cross's Councils Bill continues in INDIA, though it is evident that the National Congress supporters exaggerate the opposition shown by the Hindoo community. Meetings for and against the measure are being held all over the country, the Mahomedans being just as energetic on their side. There is little news of importance, save that on the north-western frontier trouble is brewing between Umra Khan, of Jandol, and the rulers of Bajaur and Swat, so that unless the Ameer restores order the Indian Government must interfere. On the opposite frontier the Lushai chief Vantura, kept for some weeks as a prisoner at Fort Tregear, has escaped, to join Liempungna, who is still at large. UPPER BURMA is anxious at the prevalence of leprosy, which has much increased of late.

The Mississippi floods in the UNITED STATES cause such widespread distress that Congress has voted a relief-fund of 30,000. Louisiana expects to lose one-fifth of her sugar-crop, and on all sides refugees are crowding into the towns, washed out of the country districts. The high waters sweep down the river with immense force, and rush through the crevasses, to turn the surrounding country into a swamp. Part of New Orleans is overflowed, and the worst-affected portion is near Baton Rouge, where hundreds of men are trying to strengthen the levees. Further West, Northern Texas has experienced the greatest flood ever known in the State, in the Trinity River, near Dallas, while amongst weather disturbances a severe earthquake-shock alarmed San Francisco, and a phenomenal hailstorm visited Baltimore and smashed 20,000 windows. These disasters have put the Silver Question somewhat into the shade, especially as the Republican Committees in Congress have decided on such a complicated Silver Bill that the general public cannot follow the drift of the measure. This Bill is to replace the Secretary of the Treasury's scheme; but, though a compromise, it causes so much discussion that the negotiations seem likely to linger on for some time. Nine of the seventeen States represented at the recent Pan-American Conference have signed an agreement consenting to submit all International disputes to arbitration.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The reluctance of PORTUGAL to deal with the Delagoa Bay Railway claims has produced fresh strong protests from the British and United States Ministers at Lisbon, who express their Governments' indignation at the delay, and insist upon the claims being settled by International arbitration. The railway has now been opened from Delagoa Bay to the Transvaal frontier.—BELGIUM, also, must decide shortly on her course in Africa, now that the King has so plainly expressed his intention of adding the Congo State to the Belgian dominions. The Premier states that direct and explicit proposals for the future of the State will be laid before Parliament.—In ITALY the Pope will hold a Consistory in a few weeks, when his Holiness is expected to announce the result of the negotiations with England. The Bishop of Malta will be created Archbishop, thus becoming the head of all the Catholic Bishoprics throughout the English colonies in Africa, while Cardinal Lavigerie retains the honorary title of Primate of Africa.—Although CRETE continues in the same disturbed condition, Chakir Pasha has persuaded the Sultan to raise the state of siege, so as to allow more liberty during the coming elections.—A loyal Indian has passed away in CANADA, Crowfoot, the chief of the Blackfeet, whose influence prevented his people from joining Riel in his rebellion against the Government. The House of Commons has passed the Bill renewing the *modus vivendi* in the Fisheries Question for this year.—When opening Parliament in NEW SOUTH WALES the Governor stated that the House would be asked to give effect to the resolutions of the late Federation Conference.



THE Queen has returned to Windsor, much benefited by her five weeks' stay on the Continent. Her Majesty enjoyed a thoroughly family gathering at Darmstadt, and kept the birthday of her deceased daughter, Princess Alice, with the Hessian Grand Ducal Family, accompanying them to the Mausoleum at Rosenhöhe to lay wreaths on the tomb of the Princess and her little daughter. The meeting between the Queen and Emperor William on his arrival next day was most cordial, the Emperor, as a compliment to his grandmother, wearing the uniform of Her Majesty's Dragoons throughout his stay, except when he donned the dress of a British Admiral. On Saturday the German Empress spent the day at Darmstadt, driving with Queen Victoria to witness a review of the Hessian troops by Emperor William and the Grand Duke. Later, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Landgravine of Hesse, and the Hereditary Princess of Anhalt joined the party, and all the Royal guests dined together with the Queen at the New Palace. In the afternoon Her Majesty received a deputation from the Prussian Dragoon regiment of which she is honorary colonel, and in their honour wore the shoulder-straps of her regiment and a rosette of their colours. A drive with the Emperor and Empress followed in the Rossdörfer Forest, and, after supping with the Grand Ducal family, the Queen witnessed the performance of a German play in the New Palace. On Sunday Her Majesty attended Divine Service in the Palace, where the Rev. G. King Cummin officiated, while Emperor William went to the Service in the Schlosskirche before dining with the Queen. The whole party again drove in the forest in the afternoon, and in the evening Princess Henry of Prussia left to join her husband at Kiel. Emperor William left on Monday for the Wartburg, and the Empress Frederick and her daughters spent the day with Her Majesty, who also received the Grand Duke and Duchess of Courland, drove to Seeheim, and took tea with Princess Julie of Battenberg. In the evening there was a farewell family dinner at the Palace, followed by a concert. On Tuesday the Royal party paid a farewell visit to the Rosenhöhe Mausoleum, entertained Princess Hohenlohe to lunch, and drove to Ebenenhiute. In the evening the Queen left Darmstadt with Prince and Princess Henry, being accompanied to the station by the Grand Ducal family, and travelled by special train to Flushing, where the Royal party went on board the *Victoria and Albert* on Wednesday morning. Escorted by the usual flotilla of Royal yachts, the Queen reached Port Victoria on Wednesday afternoon, and arrived at Windsor in time for dinner. The children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had preceded Her Majesty to the Castle, and after being delayed in Paris through indisposition, and the family of Prince and Princess Henry also returned from staying with the Duchess of Albany. The Queen spends a few days in town next week. On May 14th Her Majesty visits Baron Ferdinand de

Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, Bucks. The first State Ball of the season is fixed for the 20th inst.

The Prince of Wales rejoined the Princess and family at Sandringham on Saturday, in time to welcome Mr. Stanley. Sir W. Mackinnon, Sir F. de Winton, Dr. Parke, and Sir E. Bradford also joined the party, and on Sunday the Prince and Princess with their family and guests attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. On Monday the party dispersed, Mr. Stanley and his companions returning to London. The Prince went to Newmarket on Tuesday, and next day came up to town to be re-installed as Grand Master of the English Freemasons, while yesterday (Friday) he was preside at the formal reception of Mr. Stanley by the Emin Relief Committee. The Princess and daughters returned to town on Thursday to welcome home Prince Albert Victor, who left Athens on Saturday in the *Scout*, commanded by Prince Louis of Battenberg, for Brindisi. He arrived at Paris on Wednesday, and after a brief stay would reach London last (Friday) night, having been abroad for over five months. There will be a family dinner at Marlborough House on the 18th to celebrate his return.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have paid a short visit to Scotland this week. The Duchess was at the afternoon performance of *The Gondoliers* on Saturday, while on Monday the Duke presided at the annual meeting of the Missions to Seamen, accompanying his wife to the Court Theatre in the evening. On Wednesday they left town for Edinburgh, where the Lord Provost and other officials were waiting to escort them to their quarters in the Balmoral Hotel. After receiving an address from the Corporation on Thursday morning, the Duke and Duchess opened the Edinburgh Exhibition, and lunched with the Executive Council, the Duke dining with the Corporation in the evening. They would return to town yesterday (Friday). On the 17th inst. the Duke, as Master of the Trinity House, will dine with the Lord Mayor.—Princess Louise on Tuesday night attended a public meeting at the Lambeth Polytechnic to promote the raising of an endowment fund. To-day (Saturday), she presides at the annual meeting of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association.



THE CARL ROSA COMPANY.—The Carl Rosa season at Drury Lane will end next week, but among the *remenants* for next season will probably be Balf's *Talisman*, Bizet's *Pearl Fishers*, Balf's *Rose of Castile*, and Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*. *Thorgrim* was repeated twice this week, and since the first performance the composer has revised the work, part of the music of the second and feeblest act wisely being sacrificed. During the past week the company have added to their repertory of the present season *Maritana*, of which, despite the capital singing of Madame Georgina Burns, a somewhat perfunctory performance was given, and *Lohengrin*. Wagner's opera attracted an enormous audience on Saturday, and once more introduced Mr. Barton McGuckin in his now well-known representation of the part of the Knight of the Grail. With the exception of Mr. Frangcon Davies, a Welsh pupil of Mr. Shakespeare at the Guildhall School of Music, who made his *début* in the part of the herald, and fairly astonished the audience not only by his excellent singing, but also by his admirable enunciation of the words, the cast was not altogether a strong one. Miss Fabris, the Elsa, was reported to be still suffering from indisposition, while both the Telramund and the Ortrud over-acted their parts, particularly in the great duet in the second act. The male choristers, especially in the first act, were, however, once more admirable.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Augustus Harris has gone to Paris in order to make final arrangements for the season of the Royal Italian Opera, which will commence at Covent Garden next Monday fortnight, and particularly to decide with M. Jean de Reszke whether that eminent tenor will be able to appear on the opening night of the season. The prospectus is not yet ready, and this year it will probably be a less formal affair than usual. When it is issued it will be found that many of the favourite artists of last season have been re-engaged, and that among the new-comers are Mdlles. Tetrazzini, a vocalist well known in Italy; Richard, from the Paris Opera; Colombati, who sang at the Promenade Concerts last year; Tavares (otherwise Madame Basta), of Vienna; Noavina, of Brussels; Nita Carita, of Paris; and De Lussan, who is now singing with the Carl Rosa Company. Among the male *débutants* will be three tenors, M. Ybos, of Brussels; Vignias; and Rawner, an American, who is said to have a phenomenally high voice. M. Cobalé, baritone, of the Paris Opéra Comique; and M. Darvell, the basso who appeared at Her Majesty's last season, will also take part. There will be practically no novelties; but Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* will be performed in French; Mr. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* will be revived in the same language; and *Le Prophète*, *Faust*, and *Romeo et Juliet* will likewise probably be given in French. The conductors will be Signor Bevignani and Signor Mancinelli.

DVORAK'S NEW SYMPHONY.—Antonin Dvorák's new symphony in G was produced, for the first time in England, by the Philharmonic Society on Thursday last week, under the conductorship of the composer. Although the fact was not disclosed in the official analysis, it now seems that the Bohemian musician intended his symphony to be a pastoral, and to have a specified programme, the details of which have not yet been disclosed. The story, whatever it may be, is less observable in the first than in the other movements. The opening allegro is a remarkably vigorous piece of workmanship, which suffers, however, from a surplus of thematic material, one of the most important motives indeed being merely stated and forthwith dropped. The slow movement and the third, which stands in the place of a minuet and trio, are by far the most easily comprehended sections of the symphony. Both show certain daring innovations, the slow movement, for example, opening in E flat and closing in the key of C, a precedent for which it would be difficult to find. The finale, which curiously enough opens with a trumpet-call and a drum-roll, is supposed to be typical of a Bohemian village feast. Its energy is undoubted, and the audience at it concluded enthusiastically called Dvorák three times to the platform. At the same concert the Russian pianist M. Sapeginoff played Henselt's piano-forte concerto in very brilliant fashion. The programme, which opened with Mr. Edward German's *Richard III* overture, closed with Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—No fewer than four important novelties were produced for the annual benefit of Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. Schütz's *Lamentatio Davidis* was privately heard at a recent concert of the Wind Instrument Society. It is a notable example of seventeenth-century sacred art, and, as sung (from the organ loft) by Mr. Henschel to a quaint accompaniment of four trombones and an organ, its effect was most impressive. At E. M. Smyth—an English lady, who has studied in Leipzig—descriptive notes to her serenade, was produced. Miss Smyth, in her respective lyrical and humorous, movements usual in a symphony, although none of them are very fully developed. The scherzo, with trio, a remarkable specimen

of the humorous in music, and the slow movement, an allegretto grazioso, are the most effective numbers of the serenade, which is throughout scored in a manner showing alike a delicate fancy and a mastery of orchestral resources. Two new songs by Dr. Hubert Parry were sung by Miss M'Intyre—one Sir Phillip Sidney's "My True Love Hath My Heart," and the other a beautiful setting of Shakespeare's "Willow, Willow." Yet another novelty was Tschaikowsky's second piano-forte concerto in G, Op. 44, written some years ago, but now performed for the first time in England, with M. Sapechnikoff as pianist. The concerto must be heard again, and at present it need only be said that the extremely intricate, though undoubtedly brilliant, opening and closing movements were less readily appreciated than a simpler and even more effective andante in D, which, besides the piano-forte solo, contains solos for violin and violoncello. Mademoiselle Mely, who made her *début*, was too nervous to do herself justice.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Among the thirty and more concerts announced in the course of the week, perhaps the most interesting was that given on Saturday by the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society, who came expressly from Bristol for the purpose. The gentlemen of the Orpheus Choir once more showed to what a pitch of perfection they had brought unaccompanied part-singing, particularly of the works of British composers. Among their happiest efforts were T. Cooke's "Strike the Lyre," Dr. Bexfield's "Death of Hector," Sir John Gosse's "Ossian Hymn to the Sun," and Hatton's "Tar's Song."—At the second of the Young People's Orchestral Concerts the programme included one of Mozart's symphonies, Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," Weber's *Der Freischütz* overture, and songs for Mrs. Henschel.—At a concert given on Monday by Master Bauer a new and clever, though, of course, somewhat immature sonata for piano-forte and violin (the young composer's Op. 1) was produced.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Dykes, Miss Dora Bright, the Misses Delves-Yates, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Jessie Reid, Miss Winifred Robinson, Miss Gutteridge, Miss Sasse, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss Kate Flynn, Miss Agnes Janson, Signor Galliero, the Royal Amateur Orchestra, and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Dvorák has made great progress with his new Requiem Mass, and also has in his portfolio a new and unperformed symphony.—Madame Patti sailed from New York last Saturday. Her first London concert will be given on Wednesday week, when she will be supported by Madame Patey, Miss Kuhe, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. M'Kay, MM. Foli, Wolff, and Hollman.—The Italian papers deny that Faccio is confined in *maison de santé*, although it is admitted that he is seriously ill, and is not permitted to see any of his friends.—Mr. Lloyd has gained great success at Boston by his singing in *Elijah* and other oratorios.—Mr. Edwin Houghton, the rapidly rising young tenor, who recently won the "Maas Memorial Prize," has succeeded in carrying off the "Evill" prize at the Royal Academy of Music, for declamatory singing in English.—The concert given by the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers at their Headquarters on Saturday last was a great success. Miss Effie Clements, Miss Dalgety Henderson, Mr. Dalgety Henderson, and Mr. Alfred Moore were the soloists; Mr. McCall Chambers supplied the comic element; Mr. John Proctor gave some of his inimitable representations, and Mr. Walter W. Hedgecock accompanied.



THERE is so much genuine wit and humour in the dialogue and the character-sketches of Mr. Pinero's new comedy at the COURT Theatre, that the popularity of *The Cabinet Minister* may be taken as assured. Mr. Weedon Grossmith's Joseph Lebanon, the young Jewish money-lender who takes advantage of the pecuniary embarrassments of Lady Twombley in order to obtain introductions to her ladyship's aristocratic friends in town and country, and even to possess himself of State secrets of the kind that are precious to speculators on the Stock Exchange, becomes, in the hands of this clever actor, a comic personage of the first rank. The talk of this vulgar, self-assured, and unabashed individual is, indeed, a perpetual feast of mirth. Exceedingly droll, too, though more inclined to pure caricature, is Mr. Brandon Thomas's Macphail of Ballocheevin, the sly and taciturn Scottish laird with the portentous mother; who, by the way, is played with much cleverness in the same highly-coloured manner by Mrs. Edmund Phelps, known in other days as Miss Hudspeth. Miss Rosina Filippi's impersonation of the designing, money-lending, fashionable dressmaker, the Hon. Mrs. Gaylustré, of the firm of Mauricette et Cie, also contributes much to the entertainment of the audience. Mrs. John Wood's Lady Twombley, on the other hand, suffers from the lack of consistency in the conception of the author, who, while presenting the Cabinet Minister's wife as a decidedly farcical personage, involves her in personal distresses which seem to claim our serious sympathy. No more painful or humiliating position than that of the Minister's wife, in the secret power of her two obtrusive persecutors, could well be conceived; and Mrs. John Wood's alternative defiance, submission, and wailing over her cruel fate approach at times very near to the tragic. When, therefore, the whole business ends in Lady Twombley shouting aloud in tones of frantic triumph, and dancing with her Scottish friends a wild "strathspey" in her exultation over the prospect of speculating on her own account upon the strength of private information regarding the intentions of the Cabinet, the effect is something like what is vulgarly known as "a sell." This feeling is certainly heightened by the exaggerated imbecility of Mr. Cecil's portrait of Lord Twombley, the feeble "Secretary of State for the — Department," who divides his time between lamenting over the loquacity of the House of Commons and tooling on a flute. What really secured to *The Cabinet Minister* on the first night a cordial reception was not the story of the piece, which is diffuse, and overcrowded with personages of merely incidental interest, but the dialogue, which is in Mr. Pinero's happiest vein, together with some very amusing incidents. Mr. Lebanon's long story, told to a dwindling audience, which, before it is ended, becomes no audience at all, furnishes an example. It is probable that the author will reduce to less prominence some of the minor personages played by Mr. Richard Saunders, Mr. Aynsworth, Mr. Waring, Miss Le Thiére, Miss Eva Moore, and Miss Florence Tanner. If this is done, and some effort is made to determine the question whether Sir Julian and Lady Twombley are to be taken seriously or regarded as mere "bab ballad" creations, there seems no reason why *The Cabinet Minister* should not take rank among the most successful of its author's pieces.

The choice of *Othello* for the last production of Mr. F. R. Benson's management of the GLOBE Theatre was hardly a happy one. Mr. Benson is an actor possessed of excellent taste, indefatigable zeal, and some valuable gifts, but he is not endowed by Nature with the means that are required for the impersonation of the Moor—first and foremost among which is a commanding presence. Softly and vehemently loud by turns, his impersonation failed to realise the conception of the rough, honest soldier, chivalrous and gentle in his treatment of women, steadfast and faithful in his friendship with comrades, yet stern and inflexible where duty is

concerned. Mrs. Benson played Desdemona fairly well, and Mr. Cartwright played Iago with commendable moderation and some subtlety. Mr. Benson took farewell of his London patrons after the final performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Saturday evening in a few but appropriate words. In spite of some shortcomings, his season at the GLOBE entitles him to the respect and gratitude of all true worshippers at the shrine of our great national poet.

The representation of *The Antigone* of Sophocles, recently given by the Viscountess Maidstone and her associates at Loughborough, was repeated at the Town Hall, Westminster, on Saturday evening, before a large audience, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Greek tragedy when transferred from the closet to the stage is what is known as an "acquired taste;" and though the spectators on Saturday appeared to be moderately thrilled by the woes of King Oedipus's unhappy daughter, the music of Mendelssohn, which was given by a full chorus and orchestra, may be credited with a considerable share in the success of the entertainment. To tell truth, Mr. Robert Whitelaw's verse, recited for the most part in a rather level style, and not always distinctly audible in the large hall save by those favoured persons who, like Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, occupied seats in the rows near the orchestra, proved a trifle tedious.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's predilection for what are traditionally known as "Charles Mathews parts" shows that this actor has a great perception of his own power—a merit which is unfortunately not too common. His performance of Citizen Sangfroid in *Delicate Ground* and Walsingham Potts in *Trying It On* at the CRITERION matinée last week afforded genuine pleasure. The former piece is a comedietta, the latter simply a farce; yet each part was played with admirable finish in its own appropriate vein. Old playgoers may revive the pleasant memories at these matinées while the younger generation are privileged to witness acting which is both *sui generis* and of the highest class.

Mr. Walter Lacy, who has been engaged by Mr. Irving to play a part in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, is eighty-one years of age, and the senior by three years of Mr. Howe, who will appear in the same play.

Mr. Wilson Barret gave a performance of *Hamlet* at the theatre in Washington last week, under the patronage of the President of the United States, who was present with his family.

Louis XI. will be given at the matinée at the LYCEUM to-day. Mr. Terriss, in the part of Némours, will on this occasion make his first appearance at the theatre since his return from America.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's *Esther Sandras* will be produced at the ST. JAMES'S to-night, with Mrs. Langtry in the leading character.

Three short pieces will constitute the bill at the next Wednesday's matinée at the HAYMARKET. Among these a dramatic sketch by Miss Clo. Graves based upon the life, or rather, the death, of Rachel the great French actress, will be entirely new; the others will be *The Balladmonger*, in which Mr. Beerbohm-Tree will again play Gringoire, and Mr. Gilbert's *Comedy and Tragedy*, in which Miss Julia Neilson is to play Miss Mary Anderson's original part.

It is said that a German manager has proposed that Mr. Augustus Harris shall produce a pantomime in Berlin. The German folk, he thinks, would like to know what an English pantomime is like.



I.

A STRIKING addition to the ranks of the Quarterlies is *Subjects of the Day*, edited by Mr. James Samuelson, and published by Messrs. Routledge. Each number of the periodical will be devoted to one question. This time it is "State Education for the People." Thus we have Sir W. W. Hunter on "Ancient Civilisation and Modern Education in India," Mr. E. M. Hance, LL.B., Clerk to the Liverpool School Board, on "Elementary Education," Sir Philip Magnus on "Technical Instruction and Payment on Results," Mrs. Emily Crawford on "The Education and Status of Women," and so on. We understand that the editor means to enlist the pens of the most trustworthy experts on the various subjects treated. The price of the new quarterly is half-a-crown.

In the *Century* there is a somewhat lame poem (?) by Walt Whitman, entitled "Twilight Song; for Unknown Buried Soldiers, North and South."—Mr. George Kennan gives some most instructive details anent the Press Censorship in Russia under the heading "Blacked Out." As he observes, few people, outside of Russia, are aware of the extent to which the expression of opinion and the dissemination of intelligence in that great Empire are hampered by the Governmental Censorship of the Press.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. E. P. Evans writes a paper on "Henrik Ibsen: His Early Career as Poet and Playwright." As the article is largely biographical, it is of interest, and does not suggest controversy.—A very bright and clever essay is "Literary Shuboleths," by Miss Agnes Reppier.

Of much literary attraction is "Talks with Trelawny" in *Temple Bar*. Amongst the rest, it contains a very energetic defence of Harriet Shelley. "During a conversation," says the writer, Mr. Richard Edgecumbe, "which I held with Trelawny in July, 1875, I happened to ask him whether he knew anything as to the character of Shelley's first wife. I give his answer in the words which I wrote down shortly afterwards:—Harriet was pure, lofty, and noble. Lady Shelley wishes to glorify Shelley at the expense of Harriet, and for that reason I have preserved these papers." Trelawny had or thought he had documents which proved Harriet to be, as he put it, "all feeling, lofty, and high-toned."

Under the title, "Dinner Tables," in *Cornhill*, a writer sets himself to answer the question:—"Is the dinner-out of to-day better or worse treated, as regards the quality and quantity of his fare, than his predecessor of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago?" One thing in this gentleman's view appears to be certain, and that is, that whether we get more or less, or better or worse than formerly, we certainly have a great deal more to look at.

Harper opens with a well-informed, elaborately illustrated article by Mr. Theodore Child on "Some Modern French Painters."—A capital illustrated paper is "English Lyrics under the First Charles," by Louisa Imogen Guiney.—We may also commend to notice, "Old New York Taverns," by Mr. John Austin Stevens.

There is a pathetic and powerful article in the mid-monthly *Universal Review* by Mr. Adolphe Smith, entitled "By Administrative Order." We are here given some further information with reference to the sufferings of Siberian prisoners, and to the dark deeds performed in the Bastilles of European Russia.—Mr. Harry Quilter writes on "Amy Levy: a Reminiscence and a Criticism."

In *Good Words*, Mr. Gladstone continues his series on "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" with "The Creation Story," and arrives at the conclusion that the Ordainer of Nature and the Giver or Guide of the Creation Story are one and the same.—Mrs. Pereira writes on "The Princess Bismarck," who is described as "a representative of the best type of German Protestantism, in which piety has not degenerated into pietism, nor simple living faith been exchanged for cold ever-questioning rationalism."

Mr. Frederick Dolman continues his domestic pictures in the *Woman's World* with "Mrs. Arthur Stannard at Home."—There are two sides to every subject, and, consequently, there may be a broadening of view for many people derivable from "The Hardships

of Nurses," by "A Hospital Nurse."—Of perhaps more general interest is "The Grievances of Barmaids," by Miss Clementina Black.



THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Part LXXXVI., Vol. XI., of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* contains four compositions, especially useful for ordinary church work. As such they will prove most welcome to organists in general.—For weddings and other festive occasions "March in D," by E. Silas, will be found most suitable.—A special favourite will be "Andante in A Flat," by Dr. W. J. Westbrook, into which the composer has, with much taste and ingenuity, introduced the chimes of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge.—"Fantasia" on a favourite hymn tune ("My God, My Father, While I Stray"), arranged by W. Mullineux, is well adapted for a Sacred Concert or Church Festival.—A very good pendant to the above is "Allegretto," by Ferris Tozer, fancifully entitled "Une Idée du Matin."—"Sonata in F Major," for piano and violin, by Erskine Allon, is a musicianly composition well worthy the attention of students.

ALFRED HAYS.—There is much genuine pathos in "When the Red June Roses Blow," a poem by Adelaide Procter, which T. W. Walstein has set to music with much taste.—Both words and music are very dismal of "A Hopeless Dawn," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Theresa Beney.—A very good antidote to the above is "Her Dearest Friend," a cheerful ballad, words by "Zeta," music by Faulkner Collis.—A pretty and simple duet, for mezzo-soprano and baritone, is "Side by Side," written and composed by Isabella Law and T. Ridley Prentice.—By the above-named composer, is "Gigue En Sol," for the piano-forte, a useful drawing-room piece; as is also "Des Eaux Rapides," a *Mazurka brillante*, by Horace Hill.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—Four songs of more than ordinary merit, which have already taken a good place in public favour, are "The Angel's Promise," a pathetic song with a violin obbligato, words by Frederic E. Weatherly, music by A. H. Behrend; "Mary Grey," a tragic tale of love unrequited, written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Hope Temple; "The Arab's Bride," words and music by Godfrey Marks, is a pleasing song for a tenor of medium compass; "Old Whitehall," written and composed by Wilfrid Mills and Ernest Birch, is a pretty and very taking song for a voice of medium compass.

"MY FIRST SEASON"

V.

CAPTAIN LAMARQUE has fitted up a regular stage in his house for the play, and has behaved altogether in the most energetic and praiseworthy manner. We succeed, fortunately, in talking him out of his desire to enact the gay young lover, chiefly by telling him that in that case he would have to play the banjo and dance a sort of mitigated hornpipe. The part with which he has consoled himself is one which no one would have dared to propose to him—an elderly millionaire "also in love with Angelica." Of course she accepts the penniless young man; but Mr. Humphrey has written a cynical little epilogue, in which he informs us that the whole thing is a mere freak of the imagination, and that in real life it would have ended quite differently. The scene is supposed to be laid in the last century, which is an advantage in point of costume, but the dialogue is quite modern, and full of hits and allusions. The dresses, too, in which, to test our lovers' faithfulness, we disguise ourselves as strolling gypsies, are very becoming.

Mamma was not sure at first if the whole thing was quite correct, but we pointed out that the play was written with a special view to propriety, and that it would hurt poor Mr. Humphrey's feelings dreadfully if we suggested such a thing. Mamma is very tender-hearted, so she gave way at once. And Grace drew down the corners of her mouth at the idea of a bachelor venturing to give such an entertainment—a bachelor of seventy-five! But we paid no attention to her.

We all thought we were getting on splendidly in our parts, so Mrs. Wendy suggested that we should have a full-dress rehearsal. Well, we did—at least the girls got into their costumes, but most of the men refused at the last moment, and said they should derive double inspiration from wearing them for the first time on the evening itself, or some nonsense of that kind. Perhaps it was seeing them in their ordinary evening-dress, looking so incongruous, that put us out; but somehow none of us seemed to be able to say or do anything. At least, Mrs. Wendy was fluent enough, and very amusing, but it was rather puzzling for the others, because she invented as she went on, and they did not know where their speeches came in. But we got through somehow—I mean, we came to the end of the piece.

And when the day came it really went off very well. Some people said Mr. Humphrey's acting was too quiet, but I rather liked it myself. And no one could say that of Cap ain Lamarque, who ranted and roared, poor old fellow, till he looked nearly the colour of that lisping young Gusby, when he appeared on the stage as a Red Indian, and said "Boo," in a mild tone of voice.

The only misfortune was that the man who was to have come to rouge us never appeared, so we had to do it for each other at the last moment. But it was rather fun, too; and Lord Lakes was so much pleased with his corked moustache that he did not wash his face for the rest of the evening.

In the last act, after an interview with my elderly lover, Mr. Humphrey and I had a half-comic, half-sentimental scene, at the close of which we retired, for he had delicately arranged, out of consideration for the chaperons, that the proposal should be imagined, instead of taking place on the stage. As we went off I heard some one say,

"To be continued behind the scenes, I suppose," and there was a laugh.

Mr. Humphrey looked at me, and, like an idiot, I blushed.

"Oh, Lady Gwen," he said very sadly, and almost as if he were speaking himself, "you don't know what you are doing!"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Don't you know?" said he. "Haven't you a guess?"

"Not the smallest," I said. "Please explain."

"That makes it harder than I expected," he said. "But as I am only an unconventional, and, what is more, a middle-aged Philistine, and you are a sensible girl, I hope we shan't quarrel, though I know most girls would be insulted at my venturing to allude to such a delicate matter"—

"Oh, if it's anything to do with marrying," I cried, and then stopped and got hot all over.

"Yes, it is," he replied gravely. "And I entreat you very earnestly, Lady Gwendolyn, not to do anything rash—to be guided by your own heart, whatever other people may say. Surely his age is enough—"

"Lots of men of his age are very sensible," said I, argumentatively. "I shouldn't mind that a bit if I liked him; but sometimes he is absolutely childish."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," cried he. "But is it possible that you haven't any conscientious objection to false teeth?"

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A METAMORPHOSIS

"That lisping young Gusby appeared on the stage as a Red Indian, and said 'Boo' in a mild tone of voice"

"You don't mean to say he wears false teeth?" I cried. "I should never have thought it!"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Humphrey, drily, "you were not aware either that he wears a wig? Or that he brags at the club about a bunch of violets you gave him at your sister's last dinner-party?"

"I never gave him a bunch of violets in my life!" I cried, indignantly. "Old Captain Lamarque sat next me, and insisted on exchanging bunches, as every one else was doing, but I scarcely spoke to Lord Lakes—"

"Lord Lakes!" exclaimed he, in a tone of extreme astonishment. "Is it possible that you did not know that I was speaking of my cousin, Captain Lamarque? I am quite aware that Lakes is—otherwise engaged."

As he spoke he looked up, and I saw, through the curtains which screened the room we were in from a smaller one next it, Lord Lakes and Mrs. Wendry. He was bending over her, and the light was on his face (still ornamented with the cocked moustache); and all of a sudden I saw how perfectly blind and idiotic I have been all this time. He is madly in love with Mrs. Wendry—he has

never been in love with me at all! I saw it at a glance, and seemed to remember in that moment that I had never met him at any party where she had not been too.

Well, I had a quarrel with Mr. Humphrey for daring to suppose that I could think of marrying that old man; but before I left that room he had proposed to me, and I had accepted him.

"Have another glass," said Lord Lakes, when the play was over. So we drank healths.

P.S. (two days later).—Mr. Humphrey is not really middle-aged, you know dear. And Captain Lamarque was furious when he heard of it, and declared he meant to marry me himself (*Merci, Monsieur!*), and that that ungrateful dog, Gerald, ought to have stood aside for his betters. And in his rage he let out what, for some whim, he has insisted on having most carefully concealed—that Gerald Humphrey is his heir-at-law—isn't that what you call it? I am sure I don't care, but mamma does. So it's all right; though they are rather disappointed about Lord Lakes.

P.S. (2).—Lord Lakes has proposed to Mrs. Wendry, and she has refused him. But they say it's not hopeless.—M. A. B.



AFTER THE PLAY WAS OVER

"'Have another glass,' said Lord Lakes. So we drank healths"



THE GREEN ROOM

"The man who was to have rouged us never appeared, so we had to do it for one another"

"MY FIRST SEASON"

FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY

(Instituted A.D. 1655.)
The 336th Anniversary will be celebrated, with a full Choral Service, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Thursday, May 8, Service commencing at 3.30 p.m.

The ANTHEM will consist of a Selection from George's "REDEMPTION." The SERMON will be preached by the Rev. EDWARD S. TALBOT, D.D., Vicar of Leeds.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Archbishops and Bishops, the Stewards, &c., will attend.

Tickets are issued to all Governors, and to all who

subscribe to the Funds of the Charity.

The ANNUAL DINNER will take place on the same day, at 6 o'clock for 6.30 precisely, in MERCANTILE TAVERNS HALL, the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, &c.

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A Special Appeal is made this year on behalf of the Clergy suffering loss from depreciation of Tithe, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury has contributed £400.

Tickets for the reserved space are issued to all Governors, and to all who subscribe to the funds of the Charity. New Subscribers may have them on application to the Corporation House, Bloomsbury Place, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., on payment of their Subscription.

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DEBENHAM and FREEBODY beg to announce that their Spring and

THE GRAPHIC

before it can be formed, we must first, he considerably added, "federate ourselves."

AT THE MEETING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, on Tuesday, Lord Rosebery, the Chairman—promising to complete it next week—continued his review of the proceedings of that body since it came into active existence, with hints as to its future operations. In the portion of his address which possessed most general interest he denounced the bars and gates, erected in what he described as "the mysterious region of London which was shut up from the contagion of the outer world at 11 or 12 o'clock at night." There was, he said, "no such thing in any other city in the world." The committee of the Council charged with the abolition of this grievance thought that compensation to the owners of the bars and gates, if removed, was hardly required. But on this point no compromise had been offered, the Council being willing to defray to some extent the expense of providing "silent pavements" where those alleged obstructions were removed.

THE STRIKE of the employés of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland continued at the time of our going to press. The men rejected the offer made by the directors to abandon the prosecutions begun against the signalmen who quitted their posts suddenly, and to allow the strikers to resume work, on their expressing regret for their past conduct and promising not to resort to a strike pending the consideration of any question submitted to the directors. In consequence of this rejection, proceedings against seven signalmen began on Tuesday in one of the Dublin police courts. The dispute has been further complicated by a letter from Archbishop Walsh, who at one time was, with Mr. Davitt, mediating rather promisingly between the company and the men. He now, however, publicly declares that "the blame which at first undoubtedly rested with the men from the hasty way in which they had gone out on strike, is transferred to the other side." Large sections of Irish trade and industry have been paralysed by the strike.

LORD HAMMOND, formerly, for half a century, in the service of the Crown, died at Mentone, of paralysis, on Tuesday, at the ripe age of eighty-eight. His father, after being Minister at Washington, became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and was a contributor to the *Anti-Jacobin*. The late Lord Hammond entered the Civil Service, in 1823, as a clerk in the Privy Council Office, from which, in the following year, he was transferred to the Foreign Office, and there he remained until the close of his long official career. He was appointed, in 1854, to the office formerly held by his father, that of Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and continued to hold it during an often eventful period until 1873, having accompanied Lord John Russell on his special mission to Vienna in 1855, and being made a Privy Councillor in 1866. It is a curious illustration of Lord Beaconsfield's saying, "Nothing is certain but the unexpected," that with all his experience and knowledge, it was on Mr. Hammond's authority that a few weeks before the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War, in July 1870, Lord Granville, on succeeding Lord Clarendon as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, assured the House of Peers of the profoundly and unprecedentedly peaceful appearance of the situation in Europe. Mr. Hammond retired the same year, and, in 1874, was raised by Mr. Gladstone to the Peerage as Lord Hammond. He married, in 1846, a daughter of the late Lord Robert Kerr and granddaughter of the fifth Marquis of Lothian, who died last year. Lord Hammond leaves three daughters but no son, and with his death the Peerage becomes extinct.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-fifth year, of Gertrude, Countess Amherst, widow of the second Earl, mother of the present Earl, and daughter of the late Hon. Hugh Percy, Bishop of Carlisle; in his seventieth year, of the sixth Earl of Glasgow, who was M.P. for Bute during a few months in 1869, before his accession to the Peerage, and in 1879, was appointed Lord Clerk Register of Scotland; in his seventy-ninth year, of Sir Thomas Edwards-Moss, a very prominent and active champion of Conservatism in Liverpool and South Lancashire, on whom, in 1868, was conferred the Baronetcy now inherited by his eldest son, Mr. J. E. Edwards-Moss, formerly Private Secretary to Lord Cross, and whose second son, Mr. T. C. Edwards-Moss, is Conservative M.P. for the Widnes division of South-West Lancashire; in his seventy-eighth year, of Sir Tonman Mosley Bart., an active Staffordshire Magistrate, of which county he had been High Sheriff; in his fifty-ninth year, of Mr. Neville Goodman, an Alderman of the Cambridgeshire County Council, and an M.A. of Cambridge University, who took a prominent part in the agitation for the renewal of University Tests, and, in the Liberal interest, contested unsuccessfully Peterborough in 1874 and West Cambridge-shire in 1885; in his sixtieth year, of Major-General Arthur P. Davis, late of the Bombay Army, who served in the Indian Mutiny Campaigns of 1858-9; in his thirty-ninth year, by a wounded elephant in the Gaboon County, of Mr. Frank James, an adventurous and successful African explorer, author of two interesting works, "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan" and "The Unknown Horn of Africa"; in his sixty-seventh year, of Mr. William Blades, who was almost the only survivor of the old school of learned printers, and whose elaborate "Life and Typography of Caxton," issued in 1861-3, is the standard work on the subject, and was followed, in 1863, by a catalogue of books issued from Caxton's press, by "How to tell a Caxton," 1870, and "The Biography and Typography of Caxton," 1877, besides reprints from time to time of books printed by Caxton; and, in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. John Parsons (whose portrait we hope to produce next week), for the past eighteen years manager of the printing department of *The Graphic*.

THE OPENING OF THE PARIS SALON this week has been deferred a day later than usual, at Government request, owing to the fear of labour disturbances on May 1st, the customary date. This delay was all the more annoying to Parisian art-amateurs, as they were very curious respecting the quality of the first Exhibition after the secession of M. Meissonier and his important following. In the latter's absence the exhibition maintains a fair level of merit, and though there are few masterpieces, much good and interesting work is shown. M. Munkaczy's huge ceiling for the Vienna Museum of Art, is one of the chief feature—a fine allegorical study in Italian Renaissance style. The former high rows of pictures are absent, much to the comfort of visitors. President Carnot enjoyed a private view on Tuesday; while the public obtained their first glimpse on Wednesday, Varnishing Day, when all could enter who were willing to pay ten francs apiece, the proceeds to go to the Artists' Charitable Fund. Yesterday (Friday) the Salon would open its doors on the usual terms—an entrance fee of two francs in the morning, and half-price in the afternoon; except on all successive Fridays, which are to be the *jours d'élite*, admission being charged five francs in order to keep the gathering select. As hitherto, Sunday will be a free day. M. Meissonier's new venture does not open till a fortnight later, on the 15th inst.

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CADBURY'S COCOA is closely allied to milk in the large proportion of flesh-forming and strength-sustaining elements that it contains. It is prepared on the principle of excluding the superabundance of fatty indigestible matter with which Cocoa abounds—supplying a refined thin infusion of absolutely pure Cocoa, exhilarating and refreshing, for Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea, or Supper, giving staying power and imparting new life and vigour to growing Children, and those of delicate constitutions.

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THE GRAPHIC



MR. BRIDGE, the new Chief Police Magistrate of London, has been knighted.—Mr. Charles Haigh, of the North-Eastern Circuit, who was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1869, succeeds the late Mr. Alfred Simpson in the Recordership of Scarborough.

MR. JAMES LOWTHER, M.P., has been the defendant in an action for libel brought by the well-known Mr. Arthur Burr, of Pall Mall, and tried before Mr. Justice Denman and a special jury. It arose out of the construction by the plaintiff of a racecourse at Lingfield, in Surrey. In a speech which Mr. Lowther made to the Gimcrack Club, and of which he himself furnished a report to a sporting paper, after referring to the refusal, on general grounds, of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to licence this racecourse, he spoke of Mr. Burr as a person whose antecedents were disreputable, especially in regard to a charge of conspiracy and fraud on which the plaintiff had been committed for trial. In June, 1888, when Mr. Lowther was a candidate for the representation of the Thanet Division of Kent, Mr. Burr issued placards asking the electors to "remember Lingfield," and charging Mr. Lowther with having deprived working men of employment by procuring the refusal of a license for the Lingfield race-course. Mr. Lowther retorted in a placard, briefly summarising the statements regarding Mr. Burr which he had made in his speech, and in defence to the action for libel he pleaded that those statements were true in substance and in fact. The plaintiff himself went into the witness-box, and among the other witnesses were Mr. St. John Wontner, who conducted the prosecution of Mr. Burr and others, for conspiring to defraud, and Mr. George Lewis, who had then appeared for Mr. Burr before the magistrate. After an hour's deliberation, the jury found a verdict for the defendant. Mr. Bigham, Q.C., led for the plaintiff, and the Attorney-General for Mr. Lowther.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA's much-talked-of action for slander against Mr. Harry Furniss, the well-known caricaturist, has been tried at last, before Mr. Justice A. L. Smith and a special jury. The language complained of was used by the defendant in an after-supper speech at a Nottingham literary club, made so long ago as December, 1888. Its object appears to have been to suggest that, though the plaintiff was the art-critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, he had failed ridiculously in his early attempts to become an artist. Mr. Furniss asserted that the late Charles Dickens refused to accept some sketches with which Mr. Sala offered to illustrate his books; that, having sent in to the Academy Schools some probationary drawings, one of them being that of a foot, Mr. Sala had drawn it with six toes; and he accounted for the minute and extensive knowledge of cookery displayed by Mr. Sala by saying, in 1851, he had painted a picture on the walls of an eating-saloon. The defendant appears to have first known of the effect produced on Mr. Sala by this oral caricature through, not a demand for an apology, but the issue of a wit, and he thought that he was offering a sufficient reparation for his speech by paying 40s. into Court. Mr. Sala, who was represented by Mr. Kemp, Q.C., went into the witness-box and denied that he had ever sketched for Mr. Dickens; and said that the statement as to the six toes made him appear an

impudent pretender, since an art-critic who could not draw a foot was an ignoramus. As to his pictures for an eating-saloon, he had painted a humorous panorama of the illustrious personages at the Exhibition of 1851 on the walls of Gore House, when under the management of Soyer. In his cross-examination he said that his greatest artistic achievement was a panorama of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, for which he painted the figures, and they had boots on—a statement which elicited from the defendant's counsel, Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., the remark, "Ah! that got over the difficulty about the toes, I suppose." Mr. Sala's counsel, who described him as "the prince of journalists," spoke of the 40s. as an "insulting sum," which, if his client accepted, he might go away more insulted than when he came. The verdict of the jury added 3d. to the "insulting sum," and gave Mr. Sala as damages 5d., which included the 40s. paid into Court, and carried taxed costs.

DANIEL GORRIE, charged with the Herne Hill murder, was committed for trial on Tuesday. It was proved that blood-stains had been found on his clothes; and his version of the fray with an unknown stranger, which he gave to account for them, was not corroborated.



THE TURF.—Our racing politicians did well at Sandown last week, when the weather was cold and wretched. Lord Randolph Churchill won the Princess of Wales's Handicap with L'Abbesse de Jouarre, and Lord Hartington followed suit by taking the Walton Two-Year-Old Race with Lady Clare. The Sandown Park Two-Year-Old Stakes fell to General Owen Williams's colt by Bruar-Foliage, and the Esher Stakes to Mr. J. Porter's Sainfoin, the favourite. Saturday was devoted to hurdle-racing and steeplechasing. The Mammoth Hunters' Steeplechase went to the Duke of Hamilton's Weatherwitch, the Great Sandown Hurdle-Race to Lord Calthorpe's Toscano, and the Grand International Steeplechase to Mr. J. Rutherford's M.P.

Very much improved weather marked the opening of the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket. The House of Rothschild was very successful on this occasion. Baron de Rothschild won the Hastings Plate with Heaume, Hackler and the Australian, Kirkham, being second and third respectively; and Mr. Leopold scored twice with Prismatic and Bumptious. Mr. de Rothschild was again successful next day with Nuska in the Second Welter Handicap Plate. The Two Thousand was, of course, the principal event of the afternoon, and much interest was felt in the question whether Mr. A. W. Merry's Surefoot would maintain his two-year-old supremacy, or whether Baron de Rothschild's great striding colt, Le Nord, would have improved sufficiently to beat him. We need merely state now that the former event occurred, and that Liddiard steered Surefoot safely to victory, Le Nord being second, and Blue-Green third. Just as Heaume was winning his race on Tuesday, his sire, Hermit, was dying at Newmarket. Mr. Chaplin's great horse won the Derby in 1867, but had since gained a greater reputation as the progenitor of good horses innumerable. The death of Mask, another well-known stallion, is also announced.

FOOTBALL.—The end of the season always brings with it some remarkable reversals of public form. Thus, in the Lancashire Cup, Burnley defeated Blackburn Rovers, the holders of the Association Cup; in the Glasgow Charity Cup, Queen's Park, the winners of the Scotch Cup, had to succumb to Third Lanark; and, in an ordinary match, Everton easily defeated Preston North End, the Champions of the League.—The decision of Lord Kingsburgh and Major Marindin in regard to the International Rugby difficulty has been made public. England is successful all along the line. Her code of rules, with one or two minor alterations, is to be the one in force in international contests, and she is to have six representatives on the International Board, as against two from each of the other three countries.

CRICKET has now begun in good earnest, and already there has been some high scoring at Cambridge, which is always to the fore with "centuries." The Australians have arrived, and have been getting into form at Chiswick Park. On Wednesday next the annual general meeting and dinner of the M.C.C. takes place in the new Pavilion at Lord's.

BILLIARDS.—Cook and Coles had a series of short matches last week in which, after Coles had at first had it all his own way, the ex-Champion played up grandly at the finish, and got on level terms.—The Amateur Championship, played this week, did not reveal any wonderful talent.

ROWING.—Mr. G. Elin, Third Trinity, has been elected President of the C.U.B.C., Mr. Muttlebury, who has been President since 1887, having retired.—Kemp beat Matterson in a sculling-race last week.

MISCELLANEOUS.—T. Pettitt, whose tennis-match with Saunders is being looked forward to with the keenest interest, defeated Sir Edward Grey by three sets to two. The former conceded fifteen in each game.—At Lacrosse England, by way of a change, administered a decisive beating to Ireland.

A FORTUNE-TELLER'S PROPHECY TO PRINCE BISMARCK has been fulfilled to the letter. Many years ago, when the Prince was Prussian Minister at St. Petersburg, he consulted an old woman renowned for her knowledge of the future, and was told that one day he would become a great personage in a great Empire, but eventually would be supplanted by someone connected with marine and naval affairs. Curiously enough, General Caprivi, his present successor, was once Minister of Marine. By the by, a memorial of Prince Bismarck's lively student-days has just been placed in the Antiquities Museum at Göttingen—the door of the old prison of the University. In punishment for a youthful freak, the Prince once spent several days in the prison, and to occupy the time carved his name in large, artistic letters on the door, little thinking that this piece of mischief would be regarded one day as a national relic. German student habits have changed considerably since Prince Bismarck was at Göttingen. Luxury and extravagance are so general that some of the chief students' associations are combining for reform, now that Emperor William so warmly advocates moderation and frugality. Circulars are being sent round to the University corporations pointing out that students are obliged to live in such extravagant fashion that, unless they are very rich, they soon become head-over-heels in debt. A Students' Congress will shortly be held, and the subject of reform on this point will form one of the chief themes of discussion.

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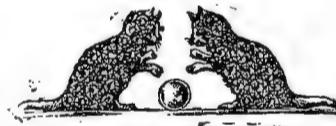
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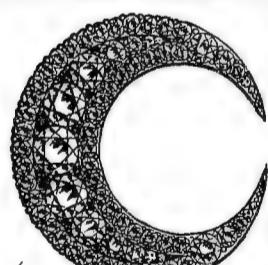
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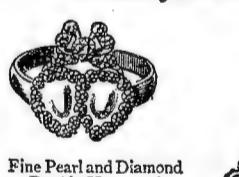


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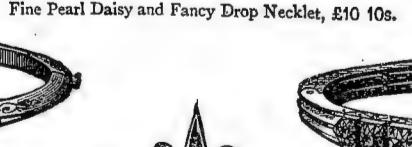
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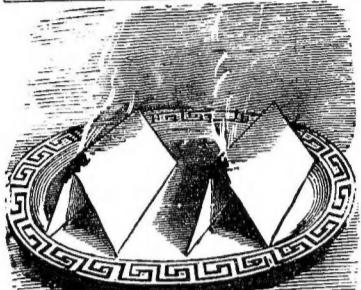
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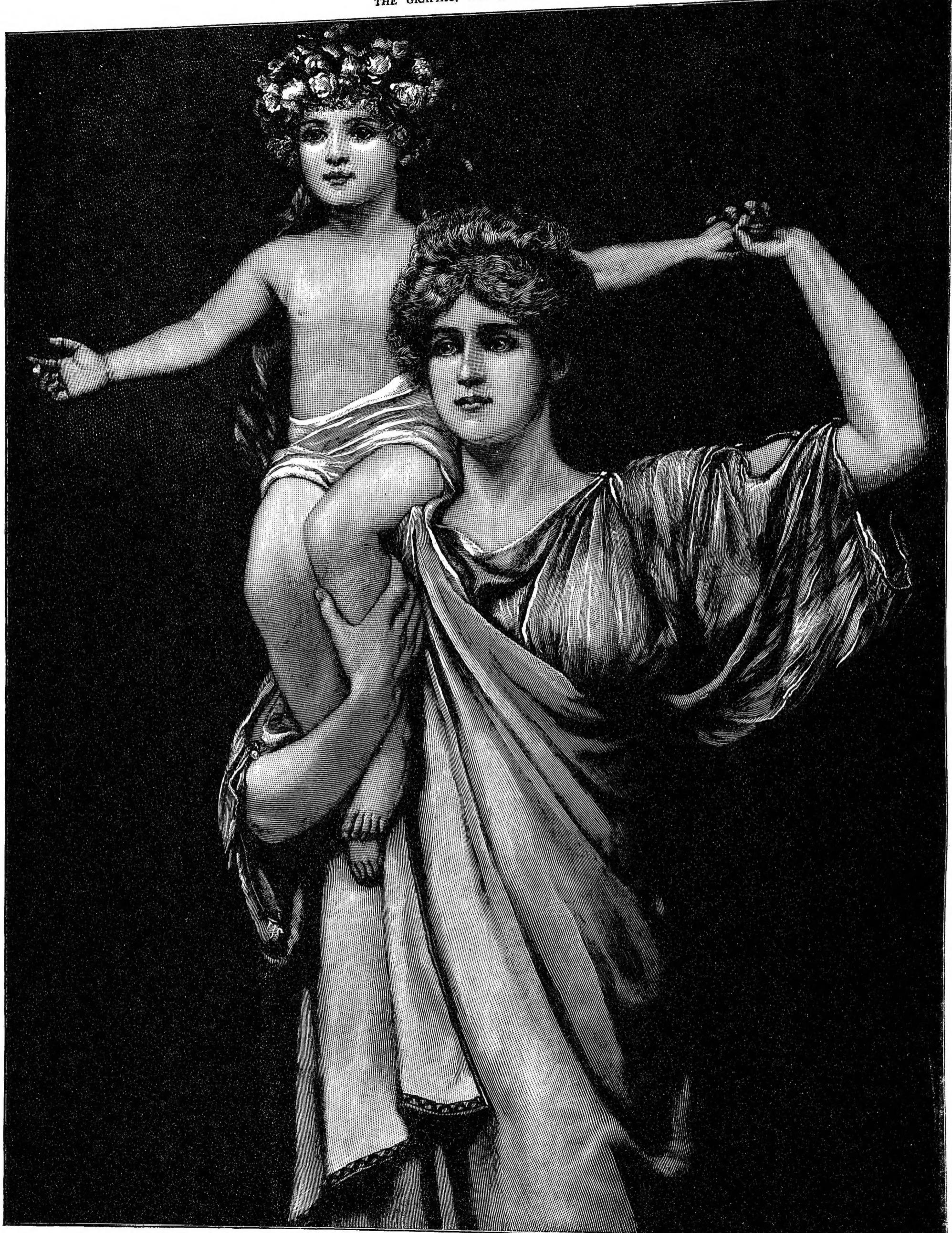
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